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MARVEL PREVIEW PRESENTS

SATANA™

ALL NEW!
NIGHT BRINGS THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER!

EXTRA:
THE QUEST FOR THE SWORD IN THE STAR CONTINUES IN WITCH-WORLD!

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MARVEL PREVIEW
FEATURING

SATANA
THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER™

Volume 1/Number 7/Summer 1976

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Why A Devil's Daughter...?

. . . or a star quest, for that matter?!

I suppose the answer which most readily pops into mind is: "Why not?" That's all very well and good, but it hardly fills up an entire editorial page, even under the best of circumstances. Besides which there's much more to be said on the subject.

As you know (and as we hate to bring up), TITAN (based on Philip Wylie's *Gladiator*) produced by Roy Thomas, Rich Buckler and Tony DeZuniga was supposed to have appeared this issue. It doesn't take much to figure out that it isn't here. This isn't really an outright apology, although we're certainly sorry if you feel disappointed (however we assume that, the cover not being particularly misleading, you wouldn't have bothered with this mag if you weren't interested in Satana). TITAN will appear! It may (hopefully) be next issue—it may not. It will appear soon. Roy found, with all the recent changes here at Marvel, that he was swamped with work all of which was on a tight deadline. But this is kind of a special project with Roy and he wouldn't want to see it rushed. So it won't be—thus Satana and Wayfinder stand in TITAN'S place.

When TITAN finally does appear, it will have undergone a few changes and refinements, not the least of which will be a new name. That name is MAN-GOD. So, in actuality, there never will be an issue of MARVEL PREVIEW featuring TITAN. You'll just have to watch for MARVEL PREVIEW featuring MAN-GOD.

Now that you're really confused, let's return to our original question. There I was, MARVEL PREVIEW looming on the horizon, and nothing to go in it.

Then, in a flash, the answer came.

For some weeks now we (meaning Archie Goodwin and myself) have been trying to convince the powers-that-be that Marvel should have at least one solid Black-and-White horror package. Not a half dozen or more, like we had before, but one, solid, well-thought-out package.

Now, suddenly, we had a chance for a test. Just before THE HAUNT OF HORROR title was killed (about a year ago, as I write this), Chris Claremont plotted a special two-parter that was to be *the* definitive Satana story. It was also intended to deepen the background of the character, fill her out as it were, and allow her dramatic potential to be more fully realized. The art chores were handed to Vicente Alcazar, one of the top artistic lights in the comics field today, who did completed art, pencils, and inks, even before the writing had been done. And what completed art!

Unfortunately, for all the raving nearly everyone who saw the pages did, there was no HAUNT OF HORROR to put them in by the time they arrived. In fact, within another month, there were no other horror titles to put them in either. And so, sadly, they sat.

Until now. I feel that now Archie and I and even Chris Claremont (who kept diligently proposing that Satana would look terrific in THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU) will be vindicated. I believe we will find that a well produced horror title is still a viable commodity. I hope so. We will, as always, depend on you to let us know.

However, there is still part of the question left unanswered. Satana was only 31 pages. What should go in the back? We still have a goodly bit of inventory left over from all those cancelled horror titles. But that was the system we used to use for putting together the anthology books—select the best of the inventory that is "in the house" and pop it in. I don't think that system worked.

I think that, if such a title were ever revived, while indeed it would have to have a "floating inventory", issues would be more specifically planned as a cohesive whole and the inventory stories would be assigned for specific issues. This is something we started playing with more towards the end of the run of horror books.

But I keep getting side-tracked. I decided against just grabbing something from the drawer and slugging it in, no matter how good that something might be (and there are a number of good somethings in that drawer). I figured that Satana and the cover featuring her well represented the occult aspects of the concept. I, for one, would like to test the kind of range possible within a horror book. And it was Archie who provided the answer—The Sword In The Star!

While no sales have been finalized (at this writing) on the STARLORD issue of MARVEL PREVIEW, mail reaction to "The Sword in the Star" was extremely encouraging. And so, here it is. However, this is not a wrap-up, loose ends are not all neatly gathered—that would defeat the concept of the series. You will only see that if you demand, in letters and with sales, it be made a regular series.

So, there you have it, the answer to the question that titled this editorial—both parts of that question. MARVEL PREVIEW will always, being the constantly changing package that it is, present innumerable coordinating difficulties, run the risk of something not showing up exactly when promised. We are trying to maintain several projects at once to alleviate some problems (for example, we are working once again on a Black-and-White THOR project for PREVIEW). But there's no getting around the fact that it's a very difficult book to produce.

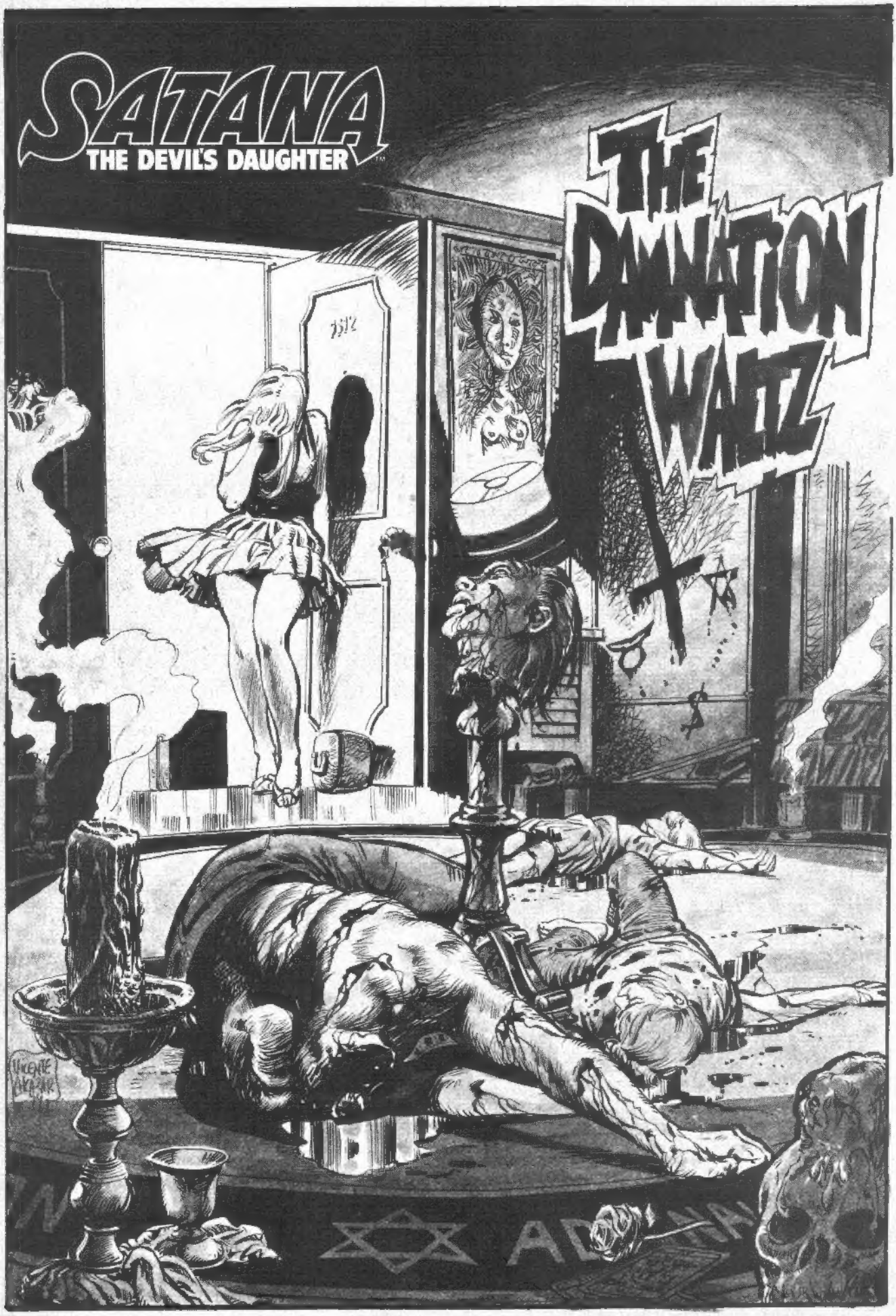
It is also a fun and extremely rewarding book to produce.

And, ultimately, the only thing we can hope is that you agree and continue to support us. Because PREVIEW provides the kind of creative forum that—at least I feel—would be sadly missed were it gone.

—JOHN WARNER, EDITOR

JUDITH NEVER LIKED TRAVELING EVEN WHEN IT WAS NECESSARY, SHE RESENTED HER WORK TAKING HER AWAY FROM HER FAMILY.
WRITER BY PROFESSION, WIFE AND MOTHER BY CHOICE--
-- THE ONE BEING PHASED OUT BY THE OTHER WITH NO COMPLAINT (EXCEPT FROM HER AGENT AND HER PUBLISHER...)
... AND NO REGRETS.
HEY, PAUL? RUTHIE--?!
GENE--? YOU GONE TO WORK YET, LOVE?
FRONT AND CENTER, KIDS-- MOTHER'S ... HOME...
OH NO. OH MY GOD, MY DEAR GOD, NO!
PLEASE, NO ... PLEASE...
HER VOICE IS DECEPTIVELY SOFT, KEENING A DESPERATE LITANY OF DENIAL, HER MIND REFUSING TO COPE WITH WHAT HER EYES SEE...
AND THEN THE LITANY BECOMES A SCREAM OF RAGE AND SORROW AND LOSS AS REALITY SLIPS INTO NIGHTMARE...
...AND PART OF JUDITH CAMBER...
...DIES.

Story: CHRIS CLAREMONT Art: VICENTE ALCAZAR


SATANA
THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER
THE DAMNATION WALTZ

A NEIGHBOR HEARD JUDITH'S SCREAM, CALLED THE POLICE, AND WITHIN A HALF-HOUR THE SECLUDED, WELL-TO-DO NEIGHBORHOOD WAS THICK WITH DETECTIVES, UNIFORMED COPS, REPORTERS, CAMERA CREWS... AND A LOT OF CURIOUS BYSTANDERS...
...SOME OF THEM WONDERING HOW SOMETHING AS AWFUL AS THIS COULD HAVE HAPPENED IN THEIR NEIGHBORHOOD...
...OTHERS JUST THANKFUL IT DIDN'T HAPPEN TO THEM.

WHERE D'YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN', BUB? CRIME SCENE'S OFF LIMITS.
I'M BRIAN ABELARD.
GENE CAMBER -- THE MURDERED MAN -- WAS MY LAW PARTNER. I WAS HIS CLOSEST FRIEND.
GOT'CHA, MR. ABELARD. LT. ELIAS IS EXPECTIN' YOU.
HE'S RIGHT INSIDE.

OH MY GOD.
IF YOU'RE GONNA THROW UP, COUNSELOR -- THE BATHROOM'S OVER THERE. I'M AFRAID YOU'LL FIND A COUPLE OF MEN IN LINE AHEAD OF YOU.
I'VE BEEN A COP FIFTEEN YEARS AND UNTIL THIS MORNING I'D THOUGHT I'D SEEN EVERYTHING...
WHO...?
WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS... ABOMINATION?!
WITH LUCK COUNSELOR, I'M HOPING YOU'LL HELP US FIND OUT.

JUDITH -- MRS. CAMBER -- HAS SHE--?
SHE WALKED RIGHT INTO IT. SHE'S UPSTAIRS NOW; THE DOC GAVE HER A SEDATIVE.
I'D LIKE TO SEE HER, IF I MAY?
BE MY GUEST. SHE WON'T TALK TO US, WON'T TALK TO ANYONE. I'M NOT EVEN SURE SHE'S AWARE WE'RE HERE...

SHE REMEMBERED EVERY DETAIL OF HER WEDDING. HOW HANDSOME GENE HAD LOOKED IN HIS FORMAL CUTAWAY...
... HOW FOOLISH HE'D SAID HE FELT.
THEY'D HAD SUCH DREAMS FOR THEIR LIFE, TOGETHER, SUCH PLANS...
... AND NOW IT'S ALL GONE.
ALL DUST AND NOTHING.
JUDITH? IT'S BRIAN ABELARD. I'VE COME TO HELP.
B-BRIAN...?
IS IT YOU? IS IT REALLY...
YOU!!
MORTAL SCUM! DID YOU THINK YOUR FOOLISH SPELLS COULD HOLD SATANA FOREVER?
BY ALL THE GODS...
YOUR GODS CAN'T HELP YOU NOW, ABELARD! I HAVE YOU ALL TO MYSELF--
--AND MY VENGEANCE IS TOO LONG OVERDUE!
GOOD LORD!
I'LL HAVE YOUR EYES FIRST, MORTAL--
--AND THEN YOUR THRICE-DAMNED SOUL!
JUDITH, NO!
HELP ME SOMEONE! FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, GET HER OFF ME!
HOLD HER!
I'M TRYING DAMN IT! SHE'S FIGHTING LIKE A WILD-CAT!
DON'T HURT HER ELIAS!
THE STRAIN'S BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HER TO BEAR, THAT'S ALL!
I'VE GOT HER-- GIVE HER THE SHOT!
NO! LET ME KILL HIM!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND --I ... MUSSST ... KI ... LL ...
SHE'S OUT. AN' JUST IN TIME, TOO.
I COULDN'T HAVE HELD HER MUCH LONGER.
BUT HER FACE, LIEUTENANT --DID YOU SEE THE HATE IN IT...?
LIKE SHE WASN'T EVEN HUMAN.

DRIFTING... THE SOUL OF JUDITH CAMBER LOOSE UPON THE ASTRAL WINDS...
... AND IN THAT DRIFTING, DREAMS...
... OF A ROOM DARK-LIT, THE AIR CHOKING WITH INCENSE. OF A WOMAN (SO LIKE JUDITH, AND YET SO DIFFERENT) CAGED WITHIN A STAR OF FIRE...
... SNARLING WITH FERAL, INHUMAN FURY AT HER FOUR CAPTORS.
THE CAMARILLA OF THE ELDER GODS-- FOUR DAEMONIC MAGES, SORCERERS' SUPREME, CHIEF AGENTS ON EARTH OF MANKIND'S ONE-TIME RULERS, THE N'GARAI.
ALEJANDRO FUERREGA, HIGH-PRIEST.
SHARRON MC KAY, RUNE-SPEAKER --WHO ONCE WAS PLEDGED TO THE GODDESS, ONLY TO BETRAY HER.
DENNIS ST. CROIX, SUMMONER OF SOULS.
ROBERTA LANCER, BINDER OF SOULS.
BY N'GARAI BORN AND TRIAD DAMNED--
--LET THE CAMARILLA'S WILL BE DONE!
BY THE POWERS WE HAVE SUMMONED, THE SPELLS THAT WE HAVE WROUGHT--
--LET SATAN'S DAUGHTER BE PART OF EARTH--
NO MORE!!

NNNOOOOOO!!
PAIN! RAW, UNYIELDING, SAVAGING HER MIND LIKE A STARVING BEAST AND WRENCHING HER AWAKE!
M-MERCIFUL HEAVEN, THAT NIGHTMARE-!
AT THE END THE WOMAN IN THE SPELL--WAS ME!
OH MAN, I KNEW I HAD AN IMAGINATION, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS. WAIT'LL I TELL GENE...
..HEY... THIS ISN'T MY BEDROOM --WHERE AM I? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, GENE!
WON'T ANSWER BECAUSE... HE ... THE KIDS... THEY'RE ... THEY'RE...

IT'S AN UGLY CRY, TORN FROM THE CORE OF JUDITH CAMBER'S BEING-- BECAUSE HER MAN WAS THE CENTER OF HER LIFE. AND NOW HE'S GONE FOREVER.
THAT'S MY GIRL, HAVE A GOOD CRY.
GET IT ALL OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM.

BRIAN...? HOLD ME, PLEASE.
I NEED YOU SO MUCH.

FEEL BETTER?
HEY, NOW, STOP YOUR CRYING. YOU'RE AT MY PLACE, REMEMBER? YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE.
WILL I? I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER FEEL SAFE AGAIN.

C'MON, LET'S GO DOWNSTAIRS. I'LL GET THE FIRE GOING, MAKE SOME SOUP...
I'LL EVEN HOLD YOUR HAND THE REST OF THE NIGHT IF I HAVE TO.
AFTER ALL, LITTLE LADY, WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?

THE NEXT DAY...
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
I'M FUNCTIONAL BRIAN. I CAN COPE.
YOU JUST HAVE A GOOD DAY AT THE OFFICE AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.

I'LL BE WORRYING ABOUT MYSELF ENOUGH FOR TWO.

YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD HIM ABOUT YOUR DREAMS, JUD-- BRIAN IS YOUR BEST FRIEND; HE WOULD HAVE LISTENED AND UNDERSTOOD.
UNDERSTOOD WHAT, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD--? DREAMS OF A WOMAN WHO IS AND ISN'T ME, OF SPELLS AND DEMONS AND VOICES SCREAMING INSIDE MY HEAD?
ON THE OTHER HAND, CONSIDER THE ALTERNATIVE.
SURE HE WOULD HAVE LISTENED, AND THEN HE WOULD HAVE TAKEN ME TO A PLEASANT LITTLE SHRINK WHO WOULD HAVE SENT ME TO A NUTHOUSE--
--AND I AM NOT INSANE!
WHO KNOWS, MAYBE I SHOULD CALL AN EXORCIST.
...AND THEN SELL MY STORY TO THE MOVIES.
GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, JUD! YOU BURIED YOUR FAMILY NOT TWO DAYS AGO--OF COURSE YOU'RE HAVING BAD DREAMS!
LOOK AT ME...
...I'M SHAKING SO MUCH I CAN BARELY POUR MY COFFEE.
OH NO.
THE COFFEE POT...
...THAT'S...MY REFLECTION!?
SATANA
GET AWAY FROM ME!!
SATANA
BRIAN!
THIS IS CRAZY-- ONE FUNNY REFLECTION IN A COFFEE POT AND I'M... I'M...
...SCARED.
OH, GOD-- PLEASE DON'T LET ME BE MAD. NOT MAD...

COME ON, BRIAN, ANSWER THE PHONE. HEAR THE RING AND PICK IT UP, AND...
...IT'S BUSY
WHAT NOW...?
OF COURSE--
MY BROTHER!
I'VE KEPT TRACK OF HIM OVER THE MONTHS --HE'S TEACHING AT DISTRICT UNIVERSITY IN WASHINGTON, D.C.
WE'VE NEVER BEEN CLOSE, BUT IF I ASK FOR HELP, HE'LL GIVE IT. HE'S GOT TO!
DAIMON HELLSTROM HERE --WHO IS THIS, PLEASE? HELLO, IS ANYONE THERE? FOR THE LAST TIME, IS ANYONE THERE?! HELLO!?} CLICK
WHAT AM I DOING?
JUDITH CAMBER HAS NO BROTHER -- SHE WAS AN ONLY CHILD.
HOW CAN I BE CALLING A BROTHER I DON'T HAVE?
WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?!
THE POOR LITTLE DEAR--
-- I HOPE IT HURTS.
YOU KNOW ROBERTA -- YOUR CAPACITY TO ENJOY ANOTHER'S AGONY HAS NEVER FAILED TO ASTOUND ME.
NO WONDER YOU EMBRACED THE N'GARAI CAUSE.
UNFORTUNATELY, THINGS AREN'T QUITE THAT SIMPLE.
THE MORE PAIN JUDITH CAMBER FEELS, THE WEAKER HER RESISTANCE BECOMES-- IF THIS KEEPS UP, SATANA WILL SOON BE ABLE TO BREAK FREE!
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, SHARRON -- AT LEAST, THAT WAS WHAT YOU AND ALEJANDRO GUARANTEED.
LADY I NEVER SHOULD HAVE AGREED TO FOLLOW YOUR WAY-- I SHOULD HAVE FOLLOWED MY OWN INSTINCTS.
I MEAN, WE HAD SATANA AT OUR MERCY! WE SHOULD HAVE KILLED HER ONCE AND FOR- ALL!

WHICH WOULD HAVE ACCOMPLISHED NOTHING SAVE OUR OWN DESTRUCTION. WE FLIRT WITH THAT EVEN NOW.
THE SOUL-SPELL WAS-- AND IS -- THE ONLY WAY TO TRULY NEUTRALIZE SATANA.
THINK OF IT, BRETHERN...
WE TRANSFORMED THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER INTO A HUMAN WOMAN! WE STRIPPED SATANA OF HER POWERS, HER MEMORY, HER VERY IDENTITY--
-- AS GOD CREATED MAN, WE CREATED JUDITH'S HUSBAND, HER FAMILY; WE GAVE HER A PAST, A PRESENT A PLACE IN THIS HUMAN WORLD.
EXCEPT THAT WITHIN AN HOUR OF THE TRANSFORMATION, THE FAMILY WE CREATED WAS DEAD. ALL SACRIFICED IN A SATANIC CEREMONY.
YOU WORRY TOO MUCH, OLD MAN--
-- FROM WHERE I SIT THE SITUATION IS WELL-IN-HAND.
YOUR SPELL WAS MERELY THE FIRST STEP, ALEJO. A SECOND SOUL-SPELL COUPLED WITH A RITUAL SACRIFICE OF SATANA HERSELF -- WILL LOCK THE SUCCUBUS AWAY FOREVER.
AND SHE KNOWS IT. THAT'S WHY SHE'S TRYING SO HARD TO BREAK FREE...
DO NOT UNDER-ESTIMATE HER, BRIAN -- YOU MUST NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES -- EH?
ALEJANDRO-- MY CRYSTAL!
IT WAS STILL FOCUSED ON JUDITH CAMBER.
BUT NOW...
SHE KNOWS, ALEJO--
--AND SHE'S... LAUGHING AT US!
TELL ABELARD TO CAST HIS SPELL -- AND QUICKLY!
BECAUSE IT MAY ALREADY BE TOO LATE!

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT. I KNOW BRIAN TOLD ME TO GET SOME REST...
...BUT IF I STAY INSIDE THIS HOUSE A MOMENT LONGER, I REALLY WILL GO MAD.
I NEED SOME FRESH AIR...
...TO WALK ...TO THINK.
BUT FIRST, JUD MY LOVE, YOU NEED A LITTLE MAKE-UP.
AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED, I MUST LOOK A SIGHT.
HOLD ON... WHAT'S THIS IN MY PURSE...?
A BILL AND A CREDIT CARD -- PERFECTLY NORMAL.
EXCEPT THAT I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM BEFORE.
YET THEY'RE BOTH MADE OUT TO ME...
...AND THE CARD HAS MY SIGNATURE ON IT.
DARKNESS... SUDDEN, ALL-EMBRACING, ENVELOPING HALF THE ROOM AND STARTING TOWARD HER...
...AND WITHIN THE DARKNESS, WHAT?! SOMETHING ANCIENT AND COLD AND HUNGRY... WATCHING AND WAITING AS IT STALKED HER.
SHE WAS TOO SCARED TO SCREAM -- TOO SCARED TO DO ANYTHING BUT RUN.
CRASH
SATANA
No!
SO LET'S CHECK 'EM OUT, THEN...
AFTER ALL, AN INVITATION THAT OBVIOUS OUGHT NOT TO BE REFUSED.
BUT BEFORE I LEAVE, A QUICK LOOK TO MAKE SURE THAT MY WEIRD BIRTHMARK IS ALL COVERED UP.

IT'S AN HOUR BEFORE JUDITH WASHES THE CHARNAL STENCH OUT OF HER LUNGS, THE COLD FROM HER BONES, THE FEAR FROM HER HEART...
...AN HOUR OF STARING AT A COFFEE CUP AND TELLING HERSELF -- THAT IT WAS ALL HER IMAGINATION.
SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE THAT OF COURSE-- BUT THE LIE MADE HER FEEL BETTER.
...UNTIL SHE REACHED SUNSET STRIP, AND SAW PRECISELY WHERE HER IMPULSIVE QUEST WAS LEADING HER.
I MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY TO COME DOWN HERE -- AND ALONE, TOO. I COULD END UP MUGGED, RAPED, MURDERED. I COULD DIS-APPEAR FOREVER...
...AND NOBODY WOULD EVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED.
AND YET, I'VE COME THIS FAR--
--I MIGHT AS WELL SEE THE GAME THRU TO THE END.
WITH MY FAMILY GONE, I REALLY HAVE VERY LITTLE LEFT TO LOSE.
EXCUSE ME--
--I ... AH ... THINK YOU'RE HOLDING THIS ORDER FOR ME.
SURE THING, MRS. CAMBER
MY NAME! THIS MAN KNOWS MY NAME!
BUT HOW--?! I'VE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE.
HERE IT IS. GOOD AS NEW.
TH--THANK YOU.
WHERE ...CAN I CHANGE?
THERE'S A ROOM AT THE BACK.
MR. ABELARD, THIS IS DOMINIC -- SHE'S HERE, JUST LIKE YOU SAID.
SHE'S GOT THE COSTUME, TOO.
YEAH, MR. ABELARD. I KNOW THE DRILL. WE'LL HOLD HOLD HER 'TIL YOU GET HER. SHE'S A PRETTY STRAIGHT LOOKIN' LADY.
SHE SHOULDN'T GIVE US ANY TROUBLE.

DON'T BET ON THAT, DOMINIC.
FREE!
AFTER ALL THESE ENDLESS DAYS TRAPPED WITHIN JUDITH CAMBER'S FORM--
--SATANA'S IS FINALLY FREE!
AND LUCIFER PITY ANY HUMAN WHO TRIES TO CAGE ME AGAIN.
NOT BAD, LITTLE LADY; MAYBE CLOTHES DO MAKE THE WOMAN?
BUT BE THAT AS IT MAY, THE PARTY'S OVER SOMEONE'S COMIN' TO TAKE CARE OF YOU, SO JUST SIT BACK AND RELAX--
--AND YOU WON'T GET HURT.
I HAVE NO INTENTION OF RELAXING, MORTAL --AND IF ANYONE HERE IS TO BE HURT--
--IT'S YOU!
JOEY-- ALL OF YOU --GET IN HERE!
THE BROAD'S FLIPPED OUT!
NOT SO. I HAVE MERELY REGAINED MYSELF--
WHAT?!
UNHAND ME, LOUT--!
THAT'S IT, HONEY--
--ONE MORE MOVE OUTTA YOU AN' I'LL POP YER RIBS LIKE THEY WUZ TOOTHPICKS!

I SAID, LET-- ME--GO!!
KRAK!
I AM NO MORTAL WOMAN TO BE FONDLED OR CRUSHED AT SOME MAN'S WHIM--
--I AM THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER! AND ANY WHO OPPOSE MY WILL MUST PAY THE SUPREME PRICE:
DEATH!

ALL RIGHT, FOOLS--
--WHO'S NEXT?!

HEY, CHIQUITA, YOU MAY HAVE GOT LUCKY WIT' JOEY--
--BUT AIN'T NUTHIN' GONNA SAVE YOU FROM MANOLO'S SHIV!
CUT HER, MANO!
MESS HER UP GOOD, MAN! I WANNA SEE SOME BLOOD!

NO BLOOD, HUMAN--
--SAVE YOUR OWN!
AND WHEN YOU WAKE IN HELL--
--BE SURE TO TELL LORD MINOS WHO SENT YOU TO HIM.
SKRASH!

ALL DEAD, SAVE FOR THE FIRST MAN I STRUCK--
--AND I HAVE SOMETHING ... SPECIAL IN MIND FOR HIM.
GOTTA RUN-- DUCK OUT THE BACK AND DOWN THE ALLEY!
I KNOW THIS TURF--SHE DON'T-- IF I GET OUT, I CAN LOSE HER!
BUT YOU WON'T, DOMINIC FRANCIN!--
--BECAUSE SATANA CRIES YOU HOLD!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME--?!
I CAN'T MOVE!
OH, BUT YOU CAN, DOMINIC!
HEED SATANA'S CALL, O MAN--COME TO HER.
N-NO, PLEASE --I BEG YOU!
ABELARD GAVE ME NO CHOICE!
I GIVE YOU NONE, NOW.
COME TO ME, O MAN...
... AND KISS ME.
THAT SATANA MIGHT TAKE YOUR SOUL.
RAPTURE, FIRST, A HELLISH, UNHOLY JOY THAT FLOODS THRU THE MAN, SWEEPING AWAY ALL HIS DOUBTS AND FEARS...
... BUT THE RAPTURE DOESN'T LAST. IN AN INSTANT, PLEASURE HAS BECOME PAIN AND PAIN, AGONY!
OH.
IN ANOTHER INSTANT, IT'S ALL OVER. BUT AS THE MAN CHANGED, SO DID THE SUCCUBUS SATANA, TOO CAUGHT UP IN TAKING DOMINIC'S SOUL TO SENSE THE N'GARI SOUL-SPELL CHANGING HER ONCE MORE...
...MAN INTO CORPSE, DEMONESS TO WOMAN.

NNOOO!

GAME AND SET TO ME, SATANA-- AND SOON, IT WILL BE GAME, SET AND MATCH.
YOU'RE ALL ALONE, LITTLE SUCCUBUS, FACING THE COMBINED OCCULT MIGHT OF THE CAMARILLA OF THE N'GARAI-- SOME OF THE MOST POWERFUL DEMON SORCERERS ON THIS PLANET.
AGAINST THEM, YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE.

AND THIS TIME TOMORROW NIGHT, YOU WON'T EVEN EXIST.
HA HA HA HA

SATANA
PART III
LA SYMPHONIE DIABLE
"THE DEVIL'S SYMPHONY"
AND FOLLOWS IT AS IT TAKES HER ON A TOUR OF HELL.
SHE STIRS IN HER SLEEP FROM TIME TO TIME, WHIMPERING AT THE SIGHTS SHE SEES, THE THINGS SHE IS FORCED TO REMEMBER...
... IMAGES OF A MAN, DESPERATE, PLEADING; OF A WOMAN--HER, AND YET NOT HER; MIRROR IMAGES THAT ARE THE SAME YET OPPOSITE--SUMMONING THE MAN AS THE DEMON-THING SUMMONS HER, KISSING HIM.

SHE CRIES NOW, ECHOING HER SCREAM OF A NIGHT AGO WHEN SHE FOUND HERSELF EMBRACING A ROTTED SHELL THAT HAD ONCE BEEN A MAN.
SHE WAS MAD, STARK, RAVING MAD; SHE HAD TO BE--COULD A SANE WOMAN HAVE DONE WHAT SHE REMEMBERS DOING? UNLESS, OF COURSE, SHE WAS (OH, GOD, COULD SUCH THINGS REALLY HAPPEN? COULD THEY HAPPEN TO HER?!) POSSESSED.
BRIAN ABELARD HAD COME TO HER THEN (CONFLICTING FEELINGS--PART OF HER CARING FOR HIM, NEEDING HIM; PART OF HER WANTING HIM DEAD) HE HAD COMFORTED HER, SOOTHED HER FEARS, TAKEN HER HOME...
HE'D GIVEN HER A SEDATIVE AND SAT BESIDE HER, WHILE SHE FELL ASLEEP, TELLING HER NOT TO WORRY, THAT EVERYTHING WOULD BE FINE WHEN SHE WOKE UP.
AND SHE HAD BELIEVED HIM, BECAUSE HE WAS HER BEST-- AND ONLY -- FRIEND.
YOU HAVE TO SLEEP
SLEEP
SLEEP
SLEEP
IF ONLY THE DEMON WOULD LET HER ALONE...
TIRED
IT KEEPS COMING BACK, RAVAGING HER MIND, FORCING HER TO SEE MORE AND MORE HORRIBLE THINGS, FORCING HER, FINALLY TO PARTICIPATE...
TIRED
TIRED
TO REVEL IN HER NIGHTMARE.

UNTIL SHE CAN STAND NO MORE!
DAMN YOU, MONSTER--GET OUT OF MY MIND!!
I'M... I'M... AWAKE!
MERCIFUL GOD... THAT DREAM...
...OH PLEASE LET IT BE A DREAM.
FUNNY, THAT I SHOULD BE SCARED OF A DREAM AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED--
BUT SO MUCH OF WHAT I'M DREAMING IS BECOMING REALITY...
IT'S GETTING SO I WISH I'D DIED WITH GENE AND THE CHILDREN -- AT LEAST, THEN, WE'D BE TOGETHER...
...THAT'S STRANGE; MY FOREHEAD FEELS... GREASY THERE'S SOME KIND OF OIL SMEARED ON IT!
LORD, MY MIND--IT'S... BURNING!
AND WITH THE BURNING, REALITY CHANGES, STRETCHING, STRAIGHT EDGES BEND, WALLS BLEND THRU A MULTITUDE OF DIMENSIONS...
IMAGES...
...A CHURCH THAT ISN'T A CHURCH, AN ALTAR SANCTIFIED WITH BLOOD--ROBED MEN AND WOMEN AND A KEEN BLADE HELD POISED TO STRIKE.
IT'S A GOOD THING BRIAN BROUGHT ME HOME INSTEAD OF BACK TO HIS PLACE...
...I'D LOOK AWFULLY SILLY TRYING TO STOP A BLACK MASS IN MY NIGHT-GOWN.
NO!
THE WOMAN ON THE ALTAR --SHE'S THE ONE I SEE IN MY DREAMS!
I'M NOT SURE QUITE HOW WE'RE BOUND TOGETHER, SHE AND I--
-- AND WHOEVER THESE PEOPLE ARE, THEY'RE PLANNING TO SACRIFICE HER!
BUT HOW IS IT I KNOW THAT WHAT I DREAMED IS A BLACK MASS?

GET A MOVE ON, JUD-- DON'T STOP TO THINK!
IF YOU DO THAT, YOU'RE FINISHED!
HA HA
HA HA
HA HA HA HA
THE HOUSE IS SENSORY DISTORTION, NOTHING MAKING SENSE
A MAD HOUSE WHERE A SINGLE MISSTEP COULD BE
DISORIENTATION GETS... WORSE WITH EVERY STEP-- SO BAD I CAN BARELY STAND UP STRAIGHT, LET ALONE ... WALK...
THE FORCE ...IS TRYING TO DRIVE ME BACK TO THE... BEDROOM! IT WANTS TO KEEP ME HERE!
BUT HOW DO I KNOW THAT?
HOW IS IT I KNOW THAT THE OIL ON MY FOREHEAD MARKED THE SHAPE OF AN INVERTED PENTAGRAM-- THEREBY JOINING MY SOUL WITH THAT OF THE SACRIFICE'S...?
I CAN'T THINK ABOUT THAT NOW!
ASK YOUR QUESTIONS WHEN YOU MEET THE WOMAN, JUD--
--YOUR FIRST PRIORITY IS TO GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE!
EASIER SAID THAN DONE.
AIIIRRRGH!
A GUARDIAN SPELL, KEYED TO SEAL JUDITH INSIDE THE HOUSE--SHE CAN NO MORE PUSH THRU IT THAN AN ANT THRU A STEEL WALL.
THAT'S... IT. THEN.
I'M BEATEN ALMOST BEFORE I'VE BEGUN.

I GUESS I'D BETTER--
GOD!
AND IT'S COMING FOR ME!!
THAT SHAPE--IT'S THE DEMON FROM MY DREAMS! IT'S REAL-- IT'S ALIVE!
BLIND PANIC...
...PUSHING HER BACK INTO A SPELL WALL DESIGNED TO HOLD JUDITH CAMBER.
NOT SATAN!
I MADE IT THRU...!
I... I... MADE... IT...
UNNNNHH!
I'M OUT-- THE DEMON-THING DROVE ME OUT.
OKAY, JUD, FROM NOW ON, NO MORE PLAYING AROUND. I KNOW TOO MUCH AND BARELY ENOUGH, SO I'M EITHER GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT--
--OR I'M GOING TO DIE TRYING.

YEARS AGO, THIS HAD BEEN A CHURCH--OUR LADY OF THE SORROWS. BUT THEN THE NEIGHBORHOOD HAD GONE DOWNHILL, ATTENDANCE HAD DROPPED OFF, THE CHURCH'S USEFULLNESS HAD FADED TO ALMOST NOTHING--
... SO IT HAD BEEN DESANCTIFIED AND SOLD.
NOW IT WAS A CHURCH AGAIN--
DEDICATED TO BEINGS
GOD
DEVIL
TAXI

THE FAITHFUL HAVE BEEN GATHERING ALL DAY, COMING FROM ALL ACROSS THE COUNTRY--
--EAGER TO PARTICIPATE IN THIS GREATEST OF, BLOOD RITES.
ONCE UPON A TIME, SATANA WOULD HAVE JOINED THEM IN THEIR BLOOD-LUST, THEIR... EVIL.

BUT ONE FORGETS--
SATANA IS NO MORE.
GOIN' SOMEWHERE, LITTLE GIRL?
...THERE IS ONLY JUDITH CAMDEN. OR SO IT SEEMS.
INSIDE, PLEASE.
I--I HAVE A MEMBERSHIP CARD.
TOUGH LUCK, KID--YOUR MEMBERSHIP'S JUST BEEN CANCELLED.
NOW, BEAT IT!
OH!
SHOW YOUR FACE AROUND HERE AGAIN, COW--AN' I'LL USE IT FOR A PUNCHING BAG!

IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN...
...AND JUDITH DOES IT THE HARD WAY, ONE STEP AT A TIME.
WHAT'RE YOU STILL HANGIN' AROUND FOR, FRAIL--? I SAID BEAT IT!
IF YOU'RE NOT OUTTA HERE IN TEN SECONDS, MY FRIEND AND I ARE GONNA COME DOWN AN' DO A TANGO ON YOUR COVER-GIRL BOD!
YOU MAKE A MOVE, WITCH-- AND I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
BIG TALK, DYSON--AND BOY, DOES IT SCARE ME!
DON'T LISTEN TO THAT HUMAN ANIMAL, MY DEAR.
HOW DO YOU FEEL
O-OKAY, I GUESS. NOTHING FEELS BROKEN.
GOOD.
I OWN A SMALL CURIO SHOP ACROSS THE WAY--LET'S GET YOU OVER THERE
LEAN ON ME, MY DEAR; IT'LL MAKE WALKING A BIT EASIER.
WHY WERE YOU GOING INTO THAT TERRIBLE PLACE ANYWAY? YOU DON'T SEEM THE TYPE TO FOLLOW ABELARD'S CULT.
ABELARD...? BRIAN ABELARD?
SURPRISING, ISN'T IT? HE KEEPS THIS SIDE OF HIS LIFE VERY QUIET --BUT, YES!
LOOK, CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING? TEA, A SOFT DRINK, SOME WATER, PERHAPS?
ALL I WANT... O MAN... IS YOU!
I BEG YOUR PARDON?
YOUR FACE--!
LORD PRESERVE ME, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOUR FACE?

THE FACE IS MINE, LEANDER DYSON, AS THE POWER IS MINE.
HOW-- HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME--? STOP IT! STOP IT!
SUCH A LITTLE THING, LEANDER-- WHY DO YOU FEAR IT?
I ONLY WANT TO KISS YOU.
GET AWAY FROM ME!!
IT'S JUST LIKE IT HAPPENED BEFORE, WITH THE MAN IN THE ALLEY--!
THIS MAN... HE'S TRYING TO HELP ME, AND I'M REWARDING HIM BY TRYING TO STEAL HIS SOUL!
BUT THIS ISN'T POSSIBLE-- IT CAN'T BE HAPPENING!
OH, GOD, THAT MIRROR...
... MY FACE.
NOOOOOO!
THAT'S THE FACE OF THE WOMAN IN MY DREAMS!
SATANA'S FACE!!

DON'T COME NEAR ME, I BEG YOU...
I'M SORRY, SO TERRIBLY SORRY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO... I DIDN'T WANT TO... BUT ... I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF...
OH DAMN--GOD-DAMN! I HUNGERED FOR YOUR SOUL, MR. DYSON. I STILL HUNGER FOR IT.
I CAN FEEL THE NEED INSIDE ME, LIKE SOME WILD ANIMAL WAITING TO SPRING...
... AND THE NEXT TIME, I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN HOLD IT BACK!
I--I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU SO EASILY, MR. DYSON...
I UNDERSTAND, MY DEAR-- REALLY I DO.
YOU CANNOT HELP BEING WHAT YOU ARE...
... A SUCCUBUS.
NO!
I AM NOT, A SUCCUBUS, NOT A DEMON--NOT ANY-THING OUT OF HELL!
I AM JUDITH CAMBER. I AM A WOMAN-- A WIFE AND A ... MOTHER-- AND I AM HUMAN, D'YOU HEAR?!
HUMAN!!
HOW CAN YOU CALL YOURSELF HUMAN?
YOU WEAR THE SATAN-MARK?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT-- MY BIRTHMARK?
NOT AN ORDINARY BIRTHMARK, I'M AFRAID.
IT IS THE SEAL OF THE HOUSE OF HELL, MEANT TO MARK LUCIFER'S DAUGHTER AND NO OTHER.
IS IS A MARK OF DEITY, FOR WHOEVER WEARS IT IS ALSO NAMED KEEPER OF THE BASILISK...
... THE KEEPER OF ARMAGEDDON.
YOU'RE CRAZY, OLD MAN.

I'M AS OLD AS YOU ARE, MRS. CAMBER. AND IF I WERE CRAZY-- AND MY WORDS ALL STUFF AND NONSENSE-- THEN THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS SUCCUBI, EITHER.
SCORE ONE FOR YOU.
BUT IF YOU'RE RIGHT THEN IT MEANS JUDITH CAMBER... ISN'T. THAT I'M A FICTION, A LIE, A PUPPET DANCING ON BRIAN ABELARD'S STRING.
YOU'RE SAYING THAT I DON'T EXIST--THAT I NEVER EXISTED! THAT ALL THERE EVER WAS OR WILL BE IS-- SATANA!
I KNOW. AND I AM SORRY.
GOOD HEAVENS!
FIRE! LANCING OUT OF NOWHERE & BURNING OF THE BODY THE MIND...
...CONSUMING JUDITH IN BLINDING CORUSCATIONS OF ENERGY...
LEANDER, HELP ME! FOR GOD'S SAKE!
--HELP ME!!
...AAAAA...
LEANDER...
...SHE'S GONE. WHATEVER THERE WAS OF SATANA INSIDE ME...
...IT'S GONE!

YOU MUST STOP THE CEREMONY, JUDITH-- WHATEVER HAPPENS, ABELARD MUST NOT CAST HIS DEATH-SPELL AGAINST YOU.
SHE'S EVIL, LEANDER A MURDERESS! WHY SHOULD I SACRIFICE MY LIFE-- AND THEREBY BECOME A PART OF THAT EVIL-- MERELY TO SAVE HER?
IT'S NOT AGAINST ME-- IT'S AGAINST SATANA.
IF I STOP THIS, I'LL DIE-- AND THE SUCCUBUS WILL BE REBORN.
IF YOU DON'T, THE BASILISK WILL BE HUNTING BY SUNRISE.
AND ALL MANKIND WILL BE DEAD BY SUNSET.
THE BASILISK-- THE MONSTER FROM YOUR DREAMS, JUDITH -- IS THE ARCH-DEMON OF HELL, THE DEADLIEST OF THE SATANIC HOST.
IT IS BOUND TO SATANA AS BOTH PRISONER AND SERVANT, TO BE LOOSED UPON MANKIND ON THE DAY LUCIFER RISES AGAINST HEAVEN.
THE BASILISK SLAUGHTERED MY FAMILY, TO BREAK SATANA FREE OF THE CAMARILLA'S SOUL-SPELL.
AND WHEN THAT DIDN'T WORK IT STARTED PUSHING ME TOWARDS A FINAL CONFRONTATION WITH ABELARD.
... THE DAY OF ARMAGEDDON.
AND THAT DAY HASN'T COME YET.
ALL OF A SUDDEN THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO FALL INTO PLACE.
THAT'S BEAUTIFUL -- I HAVEN'T BEEN ABELARD'S PAWN; I'VE BEEN THE BASILISK'S.
WELL, LEANDER, IF I'M GOING TO SAVE THE WORLD, I SURE CAN'T DO IT NAKED...
OH
JUST A MOMENT...
...I'VE HAD THIS CHEST FOR AGES-- I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING... YES, HERE IT IS...
HERE'S A MEMORY FOR YOU, LEANDER OF... ME WATCHING DAME ARAMANTHE OF OF ELEOM MAKE THIS FOR ME WHEN I WAS TEN...
.. WHEN I WAS GROWING UP IN HELL.

Demaru Instructor
Toyotaro Miyazaki,
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HEAR ME, O MY BRETHERN--
--THOU WHO ART THIRTEEN TIMES THIRTEEN!
THE HOUR OF SACRIFICE IS AT HAND!
WHO DARES--?!
NOT SO!
WHO DARES INTRUDE UPON THIS SOLEMN CONCLAVE?
I DARE!
BRAVE TALK, LITTLE ONE--BUT THAT'S ALL IT IS.
TAKE HER, MY BRETHREN!
ONE WHO IS BOTH JUDITH CAMBER AND SATANA!
THE PARTY'S OVER ABELARD --PACK UP YOUR TOYS AND GO HOME.
NO MATCH, ABELARD?
THEN HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN MY BEING HERE--
YOU'RE HUMAN, JUDITH-- ALL OF SATANA'S POWER AND STRENGTH LIE WITHIN THE ECTOPLASMIC IMAGE...
...AND WITHOUT THAT, YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR ME.
--WHEN I'M SUPPOSED TO BE ASLEEP AT HOME, SEALED BEHIND YOUR GUARDIAN SPELL?!

YOU MISCALCULATED, ABELARD-- BECAUSE JUST AS SOME OF MY HUMANITY WILL ALWAYS BE A PART OF SATANA--
--SOME OF HER POWER WILL ALWAYS BE A PART OF ME!
AND LIKE HER--
--I'LL NEVER SURRENDER!
THE POINT IS AN ACADEMIC ONE, JUDITH-- FOR THERE ARE THIRTEEN COVENS GATHERED HERE, ONE HUNDRED SIXTY-NINE DEMON MAGES...
YOU CANNOT STAND AGAINST THEM ALL.
ABELARD, DESTROY SATANA AND THE BASILISK IS FREE!
ARMAGEDDON, YOU FOOL; THE END OF EVERYTHING. WOULD YOU DESTROY US ALL?
WHAT CARE I IF MANKIND IS EXPUNGED. I CARE ONLY FOR THE N'GARA!--
--AND LIVE FOR THE DAY OF THEIR RESURRECTION ON EARTH!
THEN I'VE NO CHOICE.
HEAR ME, DAMNED ONE!
THOU WHO HAUNTS THE INNER DARK, THOU WHO ART THE BLACKNESS OF SATANA'S--OF MY --SOUL--
--HEAR MY SUMMONS, HEED MY CALL!
BASILISK!!

IN A MOMENT IT IS OVER.
...AND ALL IS STRANGELY HUSHED, AS IF NOTHING DARED TO MAKE A SOUND FOR FEAR THE BASILISK WOULD RETURN.
THESE PEOPLE, TOO, HAD HAD SUCH DREAMS -- OF WEALTH, POWER, POSITION...
BUT THE DREAMS ARE DUST, NOW AS ARE THOSE WHO DREAMED THEM.
SAVE ONE.
WHO SEEMS MORE THAN A LITTLE SURPRISED TO FIND HERSELF ALIVE.
...WHICH IS MORE THAN ONE CAN SAY ABOUT THE HIGH-PRIEST OF TONIGHT'S GRAND SABBAT...
...BRIAN ABELARD
THE BASILISK TOOK IT'S TIME WITH HIM.
PERHAPS THAT'S WHY ABELARD'S BUTTERFLY SOUL HAS ONLY JUST NOW MANAGED TO FLUTTER FREE...
...TO BEGIN ITS JOURNEY TOWARD A NEW LIFE.
NOT SO FAST, LITTLE SOUL.
YOU'RE NOT GETTING OFF THIS EASILY.
WERE I JUDITH CAMBER, ABELARD -- I MIGHT FORGIVE YOU.
BUT I AM NOT.
YOU SOUGHT THE DEATH OF MY SOUL, HUMAN-- AND SO I GIVE YOU KIND FOR KIND.
GO TO HELL, BRIAN ABELARD
MY FATHER AWAITS YOU WITH OPEN ARMS.

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A WOMAN NAMED JUDITH CAMBER — WHO HAD A HUSBAND AND TWO CHILDREN AND A LIFE THAT LEFT HER FULFILLED AND HAPPY...
BUT THAT WOMAN NEVER REALLY EXISTED AND THE LIFE SHE LIVED WAS NO MORE THAN A DREAM.
A DREAM THAT DIED SO THAT MAN-KIND MIGHT LIVE AND GROW AND PROSPER...
SATANA, THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER!
HA HA HA
NEITHER

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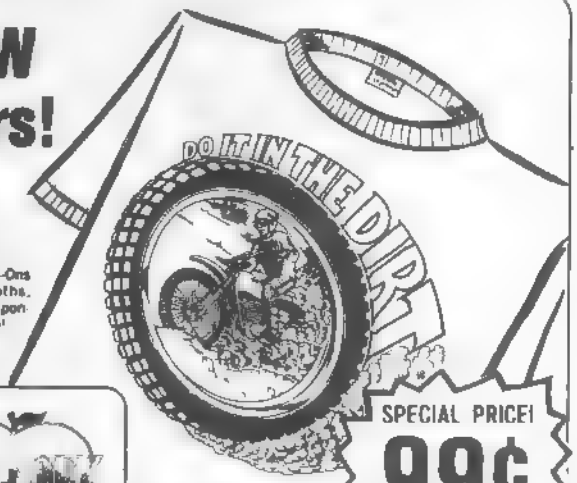

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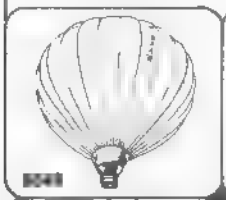
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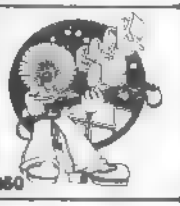
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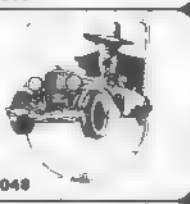
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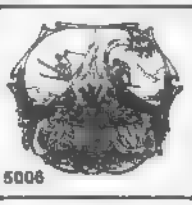
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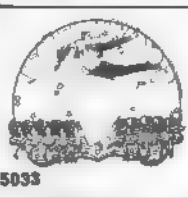
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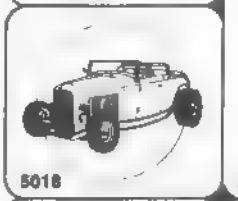
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FROM THE DEVIL, A DAUGHTER

by chris claremont

Her father was the Devil.

He came to Earth about a quarter-century ago, in search of a wife, his quest leading him to the New England shores of Fire Lake, and eventually, to a shy young woman named Victoria. There was a brief, whirlwind courtship, and then they were married. A year later, Victoria Hellstrom bore her husband—who she knew only as the good and gentle (though somewhat remote and cold at times) man who'd swept her off her feet—a son, Daimon. Three years later, she bore a second child, a daughter.

The honeymoon lasted, perhaps, another five years, and then Victoria—up 'til then the perfect housewife, not too bright, not too inquisitive—went hunting through the family mansion in search of a family she could chase to the dinner table. Her search led her to the basement, where she found her husband and her daughter engaged in a Satanic ceremony—indeed, her little girl was poised to plunge a knife into the heart of a stray cat, poised to sacrifice a life to Satan. And her darling husband was not only not doing anything to stop her, he was obviously encouraging her to commit this blasphemous act.

But, after all, why shouldn't he have done so? Was he not the Satan this feline life was being offered to? He was, and he took that moment to reveal his true identity to his somewhat mindblown wife.

Victoria screamed, her mind shattering under the impact of what she was seeing and experiencing. And when her scream stopped, she was locked away in an insane asylum, pronounced incurable and dangerously psychotic.

Her husband had disappeared the day she'd gone mad, so her children were declared wards of the state and sent to various orphanages. Daimon reached his all right, but the car which was carrying his sister disappeared en

Illustration by Mike Nasser

route. It was never found, nor were the driver, the young nurse who was escorting Daimon's sister nor the sister herself. It was nearly twenty years before he saw her again, and during those two decades, his little sister had grown up into something . . . different . . . from the human girl she'd once been.

Indeed, she wasn't even human anymore.

She called herself *Satana, the Devil's Daughter*. And she was a succubus, Mistress of the Basilisk.

She lay face down in the alley, in the garbage, her body hunched in on itself against the pain. There'd been a lot of pain these past hours; she'd never believed there could be such pain. She felt all squashed inside, her breath coming in hoarse, frothy gasps, her blood obscenely bright as it mixed with the mud congealing around her. She'd tried moving once, a long time ago, but the attempt had left her breathless with the sudden, blinding agony. She hadn't tried again.

She was going to die, she knew that now. And not all her Hell-spawned powers could save her.

She didn't want to die.

Satana, the charater, was "born" a little over two years ago, in the second issue of one of Marvel's then new black-and-white magazines, VAMPIRE TALES, in an untitled four page story by *Roy Thomas* and *John Romita* (which, in this writer's opinion, happens to be one of the best examples of comic story-telling around, the prime example of all that is good in a comic story—script, art, pacing, the works). As stories go, it was simplicity personified: a tall, sleek, very beautiful young woman is walking down a relatively disreputable Manhattan street, when, all of a sudden, her footsteps are echoed by those of someone following her. A quick backwards glance reveals a scuzzy man-form lighting a cigarette under a street-lamp. The woman hurries on, ducking into a nearby alley—a dead end—hoping she's ditched her pursuer. No such luck. One back alley, big city rape, coming up.

Except that's not what happens. The man kisses the woman – and she doesn't resist. But then, the kiss becomes something else, the brief pleasure becoming eternal pain, the man's body withering away almost as if the woman was drawing the very life force out of him. And then he's dead. And the woman has one thing more to do before she goes on her way. She takes his soul. Enter the Succubus.

Enter Satana.

It seemed like a good idea at the time. After all, a rival company had been publishing a magazine masthead by a female vampire for years; and the SON OF SATAN color comic was off to a pretty good sales start. *THE EXORCIST* had just opened and was doing great guns at the box office; indeed, the whole nation looked like it was on an occult binge. Marvel itself was knee-deep in horror titles—what

with TOMB OF DRACULA, DRACULA LIVES, VAMPIRE TALES, TALES OF THE ZOMBIE, MONSTERS UNLEASHED, HAUNT OF HORROR, MORBIUS, FRANKENSTEIN; Lord knows who/what else. We were already working on a female vampire project—*Lilith*, Dracula's daughter—so it seemed only logical that we go with a female demon, an evil sister to counter-point Daimon Hellstrom/The Son of Satan's essential goodness. In a word, Satana.

The series was originally scheduled for VAMPIRE TALES, script to be done by *Gerry Conway*, art by *Esteban Maroto*, and the first story—*The Kiss of Death*—appeared in the magazine's third issue. At that point, things looked promising. The script was good, the art was very good. Who could ask for more.

That was when things began to go wrong. Gerry's second script detailing Satana's ongoing fight with the mysterious, daemonic *Four* (sorcerers who had somehow exiled her from Hell and who were now conspiring to keep her trapped and powerless here on Earth)—was sent to Estban, but it never came back. One thing led to another, a shipping date passed—an issue was missed—and it was decided to shift Satana out of VAMPIRE TALES, thereby making room for the new Lilith series, and into HAUNT OF HORROR, to back up the new *Garbriel, Devil Hunter* strip that *Doug Moench* was working on. It was also decided to go with a new artist, *Enrique Badia Romero*—who was the artist of record on Britain's *Modesty Blaise* comic strip, having taken that job over after the original artist, *Jim Holdaway's* untimely death. To save time, and provide a bridge between the first Maroto story and Romero's first—in other words, to salvage the continuity that had been shattered by the loss of the second script—it was decided that Gerry should novelette-ize his script. Which became the story, *A Fire in Hell*.

Her hair was so red it was almost fire, and her eyes were feline and as grey as the cat's. Her face was classic in its beauty, feminine yet austere, sensual yet cold, hard yet somehow soft. Her eyebrows were arched even in relaxation, and she was relaxed now, reclining in a garden chair and reading from a popular paperback novel. She chuckled softly as she read, and smiled now and then when she turned a page. Her fingers were long and slender, the fingers of a pianist, perhaps, though the nails were much too long for a working musician's hands. And although the night was cool, she wore an outfit that was barely decent—a leotard with several swathes cut from its cloth to reveal her pale white skin. She did wear shoes, but they were strange—unwieldy fur boots that rose almost to her calves, with bits of bone and other trinkets attached to the fur rim like ornaments. All in all, she was painfully

Californian eccentric just to the point of absurdity, but of course, not quite.

Later in that same issue of HAUNT OF HORROR, Satana continued her fight with the *Four* in that first Conway/Romero collaboration: *Bloody is the Path to Hell!* Our sensuous succubus met a companion from her youth, an incubus (the opposite of a succubus, a male who steals the souls of females) named *Zannarth*, and had her first direct confrontation with minions of the *Four*. These relatively pitiful demons had the proverbial stuffing beat out of them, this defeat resulting in the subsequent execution of one of the *Four*, Trachos, by his three compatriots.

For the moment, it looked like the series was off-and-running.

But Marvel's editorial elation was short-lived. With the very next issue, the dreaded deadline doom struck again, and that, coupled with a writer's change from Gerry Conway to HAUNT OF HORROR editor, *Tony Isabella*, forced the postponment of the next installment of Satana's battle with her blood enemies until HOH #4. That issue also saw this writer's introduction to the Devil's Daughter, through yet another Satana-novelette originally entitled, *If not for Love*; but published under the title, *Doorway to Dark Destiny*.

Tony's story, *This Side of Hell*, turned out to be the only one he was to do of Satana, and he used it to tie up many of the plot threads lying around from the previous three or four stories, while at the same time starting her off in directions he felt would aid in her eventual —it was hoped—success as a series. As I was to take over the strip with HOH #5 -together with artist *George Evans*—my novelette pretty much laid the groundwork for my conceptions of both the character and her series.

But more on *who* the lady is a little bit later.

In the meantime . . my first Satana script went under the title, *The Darkest Side of Hell* –which I'd determined was to be the last time anyone ever saw the word "hell" in a Satana title that I had anything to do with; after all, there really can be too much of a good thing—and that story was meant to be the great turning point of her life. All of Gerry's and Tony's left-over plot threads were to be resolved, Satana was to be exiled once-and-for-all on Earth and her parting with her father, Satan, was to be bitter enough so that one could reasonably assume they might become enemies in the future. It wasn't a great story, but then, few wrap-up stories ever are. I figured to hit my stride with my next Satana story, a neat little number wherein Satana confronted various nasty people—and a whole new set of deadly enemies—on a Hollywood soundstage. The book was plotted, the plot sent to George Evans to be pencilled, I wrote it; we sent it out for lettering; George inked it . . .

. . . and HAUNT OF HORROR was cancelled.

Also in the works had been a special Satana two-parter which I had worked up. Vicente Alcazar had come striding into the office looking for work and, with then-Editor Marv Wolfman's blessings, the two parter was given to him. One look at the results (which, if you haven't figured it out yet, is what you just paid a buck for, a year-and-one-half in the making and well worth the wait!) will tell you the right choice was made. I feel it is some of the finest work Vicente has ever done for U.S. comics . . .

. . .which doesn't do anyone any good sitting on a shelf. Which is where it has been. Until now!

However, there are a few holes in the story line which ought to be cleared up before either of us goes any farther. Like, for those of you who follow the comic grapevine: what ever happened to the Claremont/Evans job, *Night of the Demon*, *Night of the Damned*? Like, who are these sorcerers—indeed, who are the *N'garai*'—and why is the Camarilla trying to destroy Satana? (Both of which questions would have been answered in *Night of the Demon*.)

Well, to begin with, the *N'garai* are a race of, literally, Elder Gods, who once ruled the Earth and want very much to rule it again, having spent the last million or so years in an other-dimensional reality after their defeat by the forces of Heaven, led—one might gather from their hatred of him—by the not-yet-fallen angel, *Lucifer*. The *Camarilla* –taken from the Spanish and defined as a group of unofficial advisers to someone in authority, primarily a group that specializes in intrigues and plots, the Plumbers, for example--are their chief agents/operatives on Earth, four demon mages, sorcerers, whose duty it is to pave the way for the N'garai resurrection, not to mention deal with anyone/thing that might interfere with that resurrection.

And their biggest obstacle, to date, is the Devil's Daughter Satana.

She destroyed one of their lesser operatives—a slightly wacko priest named *James Cruz*, who honestly believed he was serving God in his desperate and vicious attempts to kill Satana— in *Doorway to Dark Destiny*. And then she took out a man who aspired to membership in the Camarilla itself, a sorcerer who masqueraded as a Hollywood producer/director, in *Night of the Demon*.

Having proved herself an uncommonly dangerous adversary, Satana marked herself for death at the Camarilla's hands, only they weren't sure how they could pull it off. After trying on a number of occasions, they discovered that they couldn't physically kill her—as Cruz very nearly did—because Satana's death might unleash the Basilisk and bring about Armageddon.

So, with this thirty-one page extravaganza, the saga of Satana pretty much concludes. Barring a massive outpouring of reader support—which would, I think, blow the minds of just about everybody here at Marvel Preview / Marvel Comics Group / 575 Madison Avenue / New York City 10022 (and if that isn't a hint, then I don't know what is!) but, at the same time, would really make this writer happy as a clam—this is the last story you'll ever see of the Devil's Daughter outside of guest-appearances in other people's books. Which is, I think, something of a shame, because I felt this was a series with potential and –though I'm prejudiced—a character worth writing. I had a lot of ideas I wanted to try out and I kind of regret not having the chance. But who knows, maybe I'll be surprised. Surprise me, readers.

In closing, I promised an insight into Satana's soul, into who and what she is and what she's becoming. Well, *Damnation Waltz* will provide much of that, but so will this, the last scene from my novelette . . .

She knelt beside her familiar, her hand trembling as she reached out to smooth his fur. Why doesn't he purr; he'd always purred at my touch? She ached inside, deep inside, a hollowness she'd never felt before, not even on the day her father had told her her mother had finally died.

She never felt grief before.

There was a hand touching her. Heron's. "Satana," he said softly, wanting to help.

"Get away from me!" she snarled as she threw him across the room. She was on him before he could recover, lifting him onto the wall, locking her lips onto his before either of them realized what was happening.

mmmmmmmmm

Madness in his eyes, Heron got his arms high and slashed them down, breaking her grip on the first try, he fell, collapsing face down at her feet, barely strong enough now to push himself back up so he could see higher than her feet.

She was looking down at him with wide, hating eyes. Only Zannarth had ever broken her succubus lock before, and then, only because she let him.

"What have you done to me?" she whispered. "What spells have you cast to change me? I am the Devil's Daughter, Heron, I am Satana! And I will not be changed to fit any man's purpose. Do you hear me, Heron. I will not be changed! By you or anyone!"

And then she was gone, Exiter's body cradled gently in her arms.

(*)

"You don't understand, do you, Satana?" he mused, his voice barely audible. "No spell, no curse. Just yourself being yourself.

"You're half-human, Satana. Down in Hell it didn't matter much, you being a half-breed. Your father was too powerful an influence for any other ethos to survive. But here . . .

"This is middle-ground . . . not Heaven, not Hell. Here, you're vulnerable. And the longer you stay here, the more you'll change. The more human you'll become. God help you.

"God help us all."

JUST A LITTLE OVER

then editor of Marvel's black-and-white line, Marv Wolfman, asked me to create a back-up feature for a block-busting new sci-fi mag that was to be called STARLORD, after the lead character, a kind of cosmic cowboy, given life by Steve Englehart.

The mag was to be a bi-monthly, and my feature was to have a definite duration (I think we planned ten or twelve issues) and was to end at a specific point, all loose ends tied up, but with the possibility of continuing were reader-reaction overwhelmingly in favor of keeping it. At the time, I recall being intrigued by the prospect of a self-unified strip (continuity being one of the main concerns at Marvel, most writers never even *think* in terms of *ending* things completely) and the more thought I gave it, the more the idea of an odyssey took shape in my mind. A quest, a journey both in the physical and the, dare we say it, cosmic realm in which the hero(es) would pass through definite stages of consciousness as they drew near their goal.

Now came the question! *Who* were these heroes to be, and *what* was to be their goal?

Well, that wasn't as hard as I thought it'd be. I've always been attuned to mythology, and remembered vividly the days of my youth spent poring over Homer and Tennyson, imagining myself on a hilltop overlooking the plain of Ilium as the hordes of Achaeans swarmed over the blood soaked no man's land between their gleaming ships on shore and the embattled citadel of Priam and his sons . . . Troy. And interwoven with those images of proud Greeks beneath waving horse-hair plumes, or jealous, bickering gods and goddesses, or one-eyed giants who devoured passing sailors, or women beautiful enough to wage war that was to last more than a decade, came other images, tapestries of other times, and in the comingling of the ages the mythological sources of the SWORD IN THE STAR began to lend *their* form to my epic of yet still *another* time . . . a time set apart by millenia, far in the unknown pools of the *future*! The SWORD IN THE STAR began.

A fantasy writer is like unto a god. Say the word and planets are born, peopled, and destroyed. Nod the head and vast areas of even vaster galaxys cease rotating around the tuberum point of the heavens and turn, retracing their steps, and throwing all known order into chaos. Raise but one finger and all that is lovely becomes deformed and base, all that is base becomes beautiful.

At least on *paper*.

Because then comes the hard part. This self-styled god must then find that the rights to creation are not, and cannot be, exclusive. He may have the initial concept, but it takes the men with the 2H Pencils to solidify the concept into fact and, friend, *that* is the true test of godhood in this business. But first the idea.

I envisioned my hero as a young prince of a long-since earth-colonized planet thousands of millions of light years from their world of origin. I saw him as brash, a warrior born and bred, the son of a strong king. I drew again on Homer, and the son of the famous Ulysses, Telemachus, gradually became transformed into Prince Wayfinder of the planet Ithacon, and *his* story began on the day of his father's, and his homeworld's, death!

Prince Wayfinder had a hard time *dealing* with that. Not so much the destruction, not so much the dying . . . but the fact that he, a warrior, was *forbidden* by his father to be a *part* of it. Quite a kick in the teeth for a kid who's out to make a name for himself in the glory-game not to be allowed to *die* with his boots on while everybody around him was in the process of having *theirs* lined off by the ray cannons of the Haamin fleet. Chaperoned by the Head Wizard, a ten-thousand year old molecular biologist turned spiritual advisor and Miss Lonelyhearts to the Court of Ithacon, it was one angry, frustrated youth who left the field of battle and turned back only once. Just in time to see the Haamin ships reduce his father's army to ashes, and not even tears could wash *that* sight away. And for a second there, in the best warrior tradition, he contemplated throwing himself on his sword.

but Delphos had *other* plans for this young hothead of a prince, and they definitely did *not* include having to hose down the floor of his Sanctum Sanctorum with disinfectant just because Wayfinder couldn't take the present situation. Y'see, for all his savage sword of Wayfinder give, the kid was a provincial, badly in need of some savvy about big universe ways! And *that* was where Delphos came in.

He plunked the kid in a chair and lowered a mass of steel and wires over his head that he called "The Teacher." What it was was a memory-implanter chock full of mind-tapes of the past twenty or so millenia, back to the time earth was abandoned as a dead and frozen world and man hooted it to the stars. For a kid from the farm, it wasn't easy finding out that he wasn't the *only* pea in the pod, and that some of the *other* off shoots of humanity didn't even seem to share, or *want* to share, his specific and rather treasured sense of pea-ness. Indeed, *most* of them weren't even aware that Ithacon was the *center* of the *universe*!

Well, you can see that Wayfinder had *a lot* to learn, and no machine, no matter *how* good, was gonna knock sense into a skull as thick as his in a day or a year or maybe even a lifetime! Nope, the sense would have to come with experience, and experience began making itself known as the Haamin ships, scanning the burned out planet for telltale signs of life, locked onto two functioning brain wave patterns, Wayfinder's and those in the mind tapes of the "Teacher." The black ships of the Haamin struck, tearing apart the Wizard's underground HQ as if it were origami, and leaving the son of the House of Ithacon and his black companion, the 10 millenia man, fighting it for sweet life deeper into the cavern to the cone of a long extinct volcano where, unbeknownst to Wayfinder, the Wizard had stored his ace. And the gleaming form of the starship STARSEED sat quietly at rest, her solar-sails spread, awaiting the anti-polarization that would open them to the stellar force and send her sailing through the open vastness of space.

Wayfinder had never *seen* such a ship, save in the pages of the Holy Star Annals wherein the great migration had been pictured, and he'd always thought *that* no more than a story to put children to sleep with. Now he knew different.

but there wasn't any *time* to dwell on it, cause the Haamin had *come*, and, climbing aboard, Wayfinder turned his sonic sword on the attacking black ships, holding them off while the Wizard ordered his humanized computer, dubbed Myriad, to lift the Starseed from her moorings.

and up out into space, leaving Ithacon and the slower Haamin ships no more than a rapidly dwindling memory. But it was Delphos' last act, for a Haamin blast had caught him in the back, and he knew that even a ten thousand year-old man wasn't immortal. Wayfinder wept, and the Wizard saw that the warrior, for all his stubborn insistance, was little more than a frightened boy, and the Wizard felt a sorrow for Wayfinder that even the prophecy about the young prince finding a sword that would *glow* with the light of the *stars* and *blaze* like a thousand *suns*, could not dispel. And well, there's a time for prophecy, and a time for death, and for Delphos the latter had come calling patiently all those centuries not putting off the Reaper in the least.

But Delphos gave his student one last bit of advice. It went like this, as Starseed, piloted by a robot, soared out into space:

"I don't know what that PROPHECY JAZZ was all *about*. But you'll see with more than your EYES and hold a SWORD in your hand that blazes like the STARS . . . but, junior . . . if you DO find it . . . THINK a little before you USE it, O.K.?"

"As for ME, I'm kinda glad MY end of it is OVER!"

God the Writer's work was done, and Ed Hannigan, Craig Russell and Rick Bryant proceeded to weave the elements of creation into a veritable Sistine Comic Book. I have been blessed. The three artists mentioned turned out a book that was truly cosmic in its beauty, and Keith Giffen, this issues co-creator, while approaching it with a style all his own, has in no way detracted the grandeur and stark loveliness of the second phase of Wayfinder's quest, and his own touches (Rocky Raccoon, for one!) have opened up entirely new vistas for exploration. The Lord is happy, and His typewriter smiles.

But the *sadness* of the thing is . . . is this the *end*? I mean, STARLORD never got more than one issue, the SWORD IN THE STAR only two, and that because this episode was already done when the word came down to throw it into MARVEL PREVIEW and hold off on future episodes. The letters were all favorable, but letters just aren't enough to give a publisher an incentive to *continue* publishing. Only sales figures are.

So think on it. If you want to see the SWORD IN THE STAR go on, write, yes, but buy the book, and get a friend to buy it with you, and give out copies as Christmas presents! What can we say? We want it to come back . . . now it's up to you!

-BILL MANTLO

Illustration by Terry Austin

A YEAR AGO TODAY...

IF THERE WERE SOUND, IT WOULD BE THE SOFT SLICING OF BOW THROUGH WAVE.

THERE IS NO SOUND.

IF THERE WERE SENSATIONS OF MOVEMENT, THEY WOULD BE CAUSED BY THE STEADY PRESSURE OF WIND PUSHING AGAINST A FULLNESS OF SAIL.

THERE IS MOVEMENT, THOUGH THERE IS NO SENSATION OF IT. AND IT IS NOT WIND THAT STRETCHES THE DELICATE SILVER SAILS.

IT IS THE STARS.

NEAR STARS. FAR STARS. LIGHT.

A MILLION DEAD AND DYING, AND BURNING, FIERCELY BURNING SUNS.

THE SWORD OF STARS!

THE CONTINUATION OF THE LEGEND OF PRINCE MAYFINDER OF ITHACON A MODERN ULYSSES. BEGUN IN MARVEL PREVIEW #4.

OBSERVATION: SENSORS INDICATE ZERO PRESENCE OF HAAMIN PURSUIT SHIPS.

SUGGESTED PROGRAMME: BURY OUR DEAD AND GO TO GROUND.

DO YOU HEAR, WIZARD?

EVEN TO ONE YOU CREATED YOU EXIST AS NAUGHT BUT A MEMORY!

AND THERE IS NO SOUND SAVE THE MOURNING OF A MAN.

STAGE 2: WITCHWORLD!

Story BILL MANTLO Art KEITH GIFFEN B-137

AND WHAT, THEN, AM I?
WHO IS WAYFINDER? WIZARD?
BUT A YOUTH WHO MISSES THY JESTING AND THY GUIDANCE! A YOUTH WHO IS LOST IN THE DEEPS OF SPACE!

INCORRECT: POSITION KNOWN. STAR-ANNAL IDENTIFACTION PLACES US IN THE SOLAR SPHERE OF TAU CETI / CODE-FIX CETUS.
TWELVE PLANETS. ONE SUPPORTIVE OF CARBON BASED LIFE-FORMS AND SUP-PORTING SUCH INDIGENOUS FORMS.

I ... HAVE NEVER SEEN ANOTHER WORLD, ALKINOS.
THE AGE OF MY-- MY CONFIRMATION HAD NOT YET BEEN REACHED WHEN ITHACON WAS DESTROYED!
HAVE YOU ANY ORDERS ... CAPTAIN?

I -- TAKE US IN, HELMSMEN.

HE HUMORS ME, WIZARD. HE KNOWS I HAVE NEVER GUIDED A SHIP! NEVER SEEN DEEP-SPACE!
YET HIS HUMOR IS... SUPPORTIVE OF ME. PROTECTIVE!
AS IF HE EXPECTS ONE DAY TO HAVE TO PLACE HIMSELF IN MY TRUST... AND WISHES ME TO BE READY!
IS THAT ANOTHER OF YOUR GIFTS TO ME WIZARD?

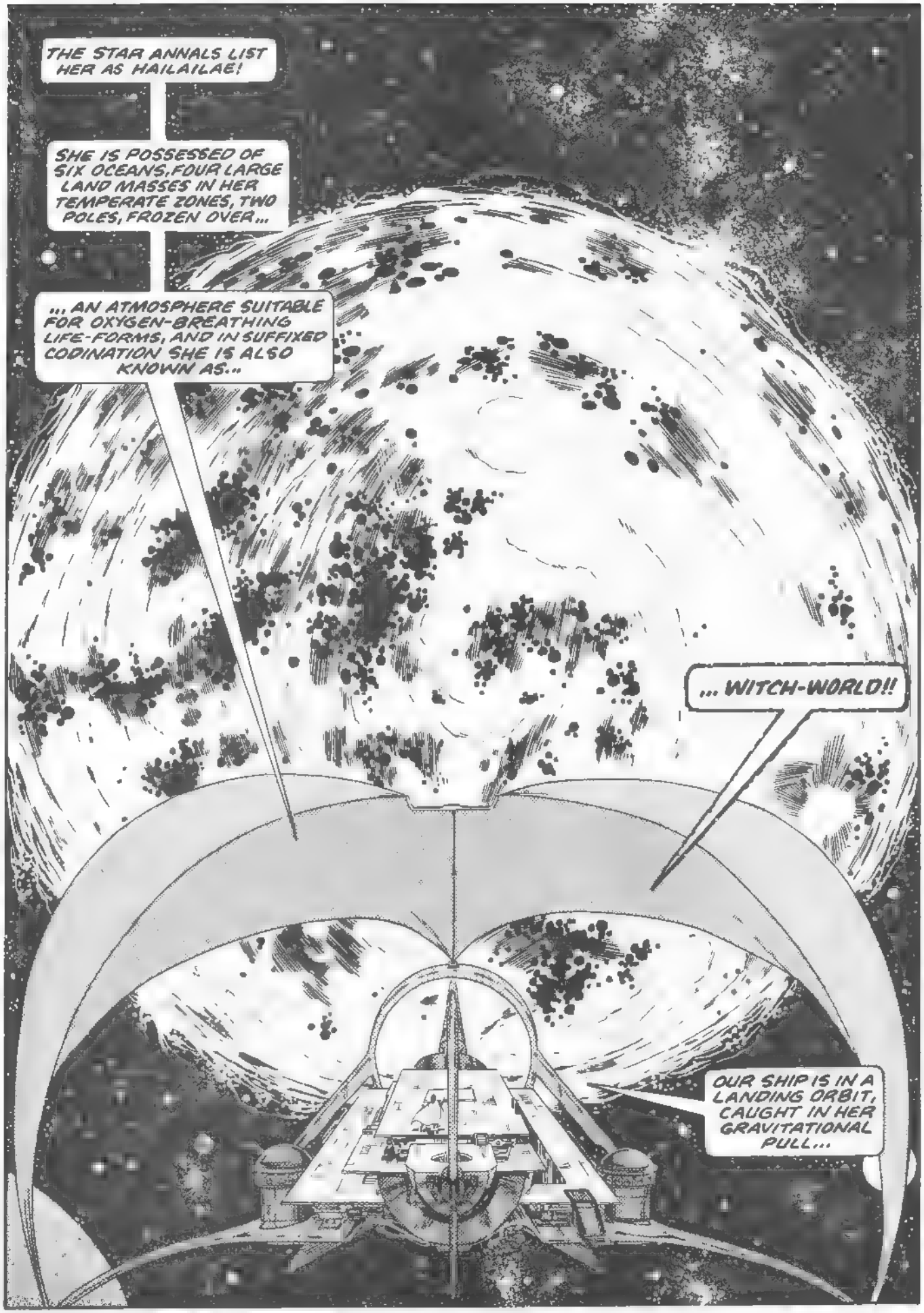
VERY WELL, CAPTAIN.
LANDING COORDINATES PLOTTED.
ESTIMATED TIME OF PLANET-FALL: FIVE MINUTES.

MAYBE IT IS...AN' MAYBE IT AIN'T, JUNIOR! BUT HEY! YOU'RE DOIN' JUST FINE, BRO! EVEN COMIN' OFF A LITTLE HUMBLE LATELY!
SO MAYBE I DID GET TO YA AFTER ALL! MAYBE MORE NOW THAT I'M DEAD THAN I DID WHILE I WAS UP AN' KICKIN'!
BUT THEN A LOT'S GONE DOWN SINCE THEN, AIN'T IT?
MEMORIES...THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER AND HIS WORLD...

THE TEACHER HAD SEEN IN HIS MIND PICTURES OF TIME LAST AND TIME FIRST, PICTURES OF WORLDS WITHOUT END.
BUT THE TEACHERS TOOK TOO LONG! THE NAAMAN SHIPS TRACED ONTO THE POWER SOURCE OF THE TEACHERS AND LOCATED THE WIZARD'S CAVE...
...AND DELPHON DIED TRYING TO GET THE YOUNG PRINCE TO SAFETY.
DIED TO SAVE ME! DIED SO THAT THE STAR-SEED COULD BE LAUNCHED! DIED THAT I MIGHT LIVE TO FULFILL MY DESTINY--
-- A DAY WHEN IT HAS BEEN PROPHESIED THAT I WILL SEE WITH MORE THAN MY EYES, AND WILL BEAR A SWORD IN BLISTERED HANDS THAT WILL GLOW WITH THE FIRES OF THE STARS!
FOR THAT MY PLANET PERISHED!
FOR THAT!
MY PRINCE...
ALKINOOS?
IT IS TIME, MY PRINCE.
TIME? OH. THE BURIAL.
GUIDE ME THEN AGAIN, HELMSMEN! CHANT AND I WILL REPEAT YOUR SONG!
DANCE AND I WILL MIME THE MOVEMENTS.

THERE IS NO CEREMONY, MY PRINCE.
DELPHOS... MY CREATOR... WAS A SCIENTIST.
HE WAS ALSO A MAN! A TEACHER IN THE SERVICE OF MY FATHER!
THERE MUST BE A FUNERAL RITE OR HIS SOUL WILL NEVER FIND ITS REST!
VERY WELL. A EULOGY, PERHAPS...
...IN HIS OWN WORDS. PLAY-BACK:
"I MUST BE DEAD OR YA WOULDN'T BE HEARN' THIS... AN' YOU MUST BE CRAZY OR YA WOULDN'T WASTE TIME LISTENIN'!
"NO BIG DEAL EITHER WAY! I LIVED A GOOD LIFE AN' A LONG ONE ...10,000 YEARS THANKS TO GOOD OL' HUMAN KNOW HOW!"
PORTAL OPEN IN INNER SHIELD.
"I DONE SOME THINGS I'M PROUD OF... AN' SOME THINGS I AIN'T-- AN' HAD A LOT OF FUN ALONG THE WAY--
"-- BUT NOW I'M DEAD AN' THEY DON'T MATTER! NONE OF 'EM!
"BUT LISTEN-- IF YOU'RE HEARIN' THIS YA MUST BE WITH ALKINOOS-- AN' THAT MEANS YA' MUST BE WORTH SOMETHIN' THAT ROBOT'S OKAY, JACK! CHECK HIM OUT! DO WHAT HE SAYS--"
TRACTOR BEAMS LOCKING ON BODY. LIFTING TO OUTER SHIELD.
"-- AN' YOU'LL COME OUT ALL RIGHT! ME-- I'M TIRED--"
OUTER SHIELD OPEN.
"-- AN' THIS IS ONE REST I'M GONNA ENJOY! FOR A LONG... LONG TIME!"
SCIENCE OR NO-- A MAN DESERVES TO GO TO HIS GODS WITH SONG!
AND IF YOU WILL NOT SING HELMSMEN-- THEN WAYFINDER WILL PLAY THE CHORUS!
AND SWEAR VENGEANCE UPON HIS SLAYERS!!

OUTER PORTAL SEALED.
IT IS DONE, MY PRINCE.
HAVE WE ANY WINE ON BOARD, ALKINOOS?
NO, MY PRINCE.
THERE MUST BE A LIBATION, HELMSMAN--
--AN OFFERING TO THE STARS! PAYMENT FOR DELPHOS' JOURNEY!
YOU CUT YOUR FOREARM, MY PRINCE?
BLOOD, ALKINOOS!
BLOOD SHALL BE THE OFFERING.
"MAY THE GODS TAKE YOU, MY TEACHER--
--DESPITE YOUR MANY SINS!"
NOW, HELMSMAN--WHAT HAVE WE IN THE WAY OF PROVISIONS?
NOTHING, MY PRINCE THERE WAS NO TIME.
BUT THE PLANET WE ARE APPROACHING IS RICH IN ORGANIC MATTER.
IT IS ALSO FAR FROM THE HAAMIN SPHERE OF OPERATION.
THEN WE LAND, HELMSMAN! BUT TO GATHER FOOD!
NOT TO HIDE!
IRRELEVANT.
WHAT DO YOU--?
WHATEVER OUR PURPOSE IN LANDING--
--WE LAND JUST THE SAME!
BY ALL THE GODS THAT BE!


THE STAR ANNALS LIST HER AS HAILAILAE!
SHE IS POSSESSED OF SIX OCEANS, FOUR LARGE LAND MASSES IN HER TEMPERATE ZONES, TWO POLES, FROZEN OVER...
... AN ATMOSPHERE SUITABLE FOR OXYGEN-BREATHING LIFE-FORMS, AND IN SUFFIXED CODINATION SHE IS ALSO KNOWN AS..
... WITCH-WORLD!!
OUR SHIP IS IN A LANDING ORBIT, CAUGHT IN HER GRAVITATIONAL PULL...

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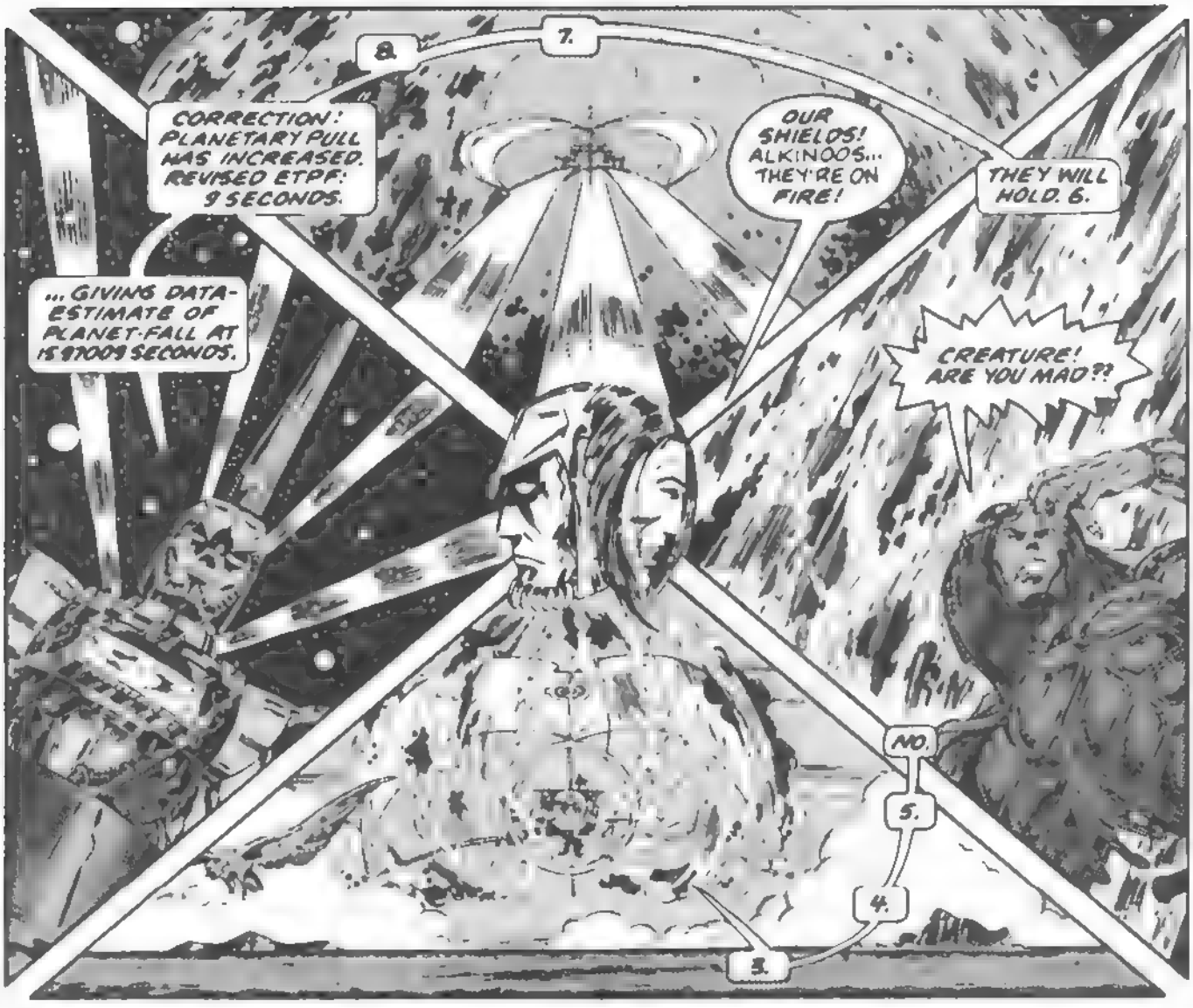
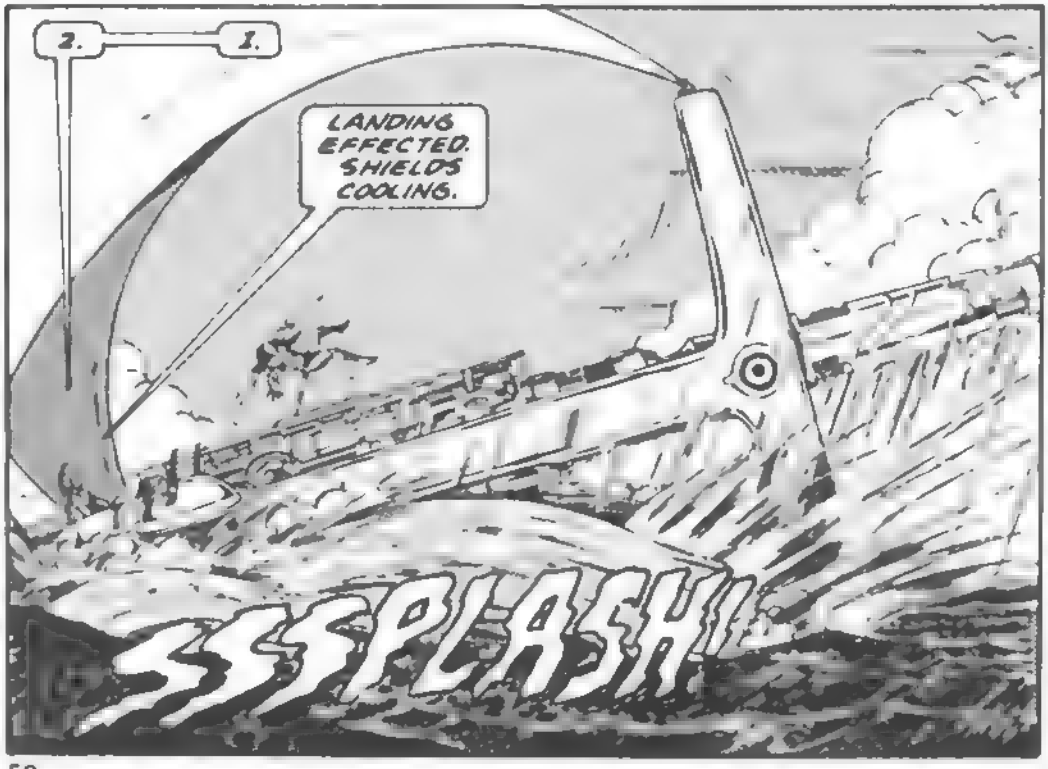
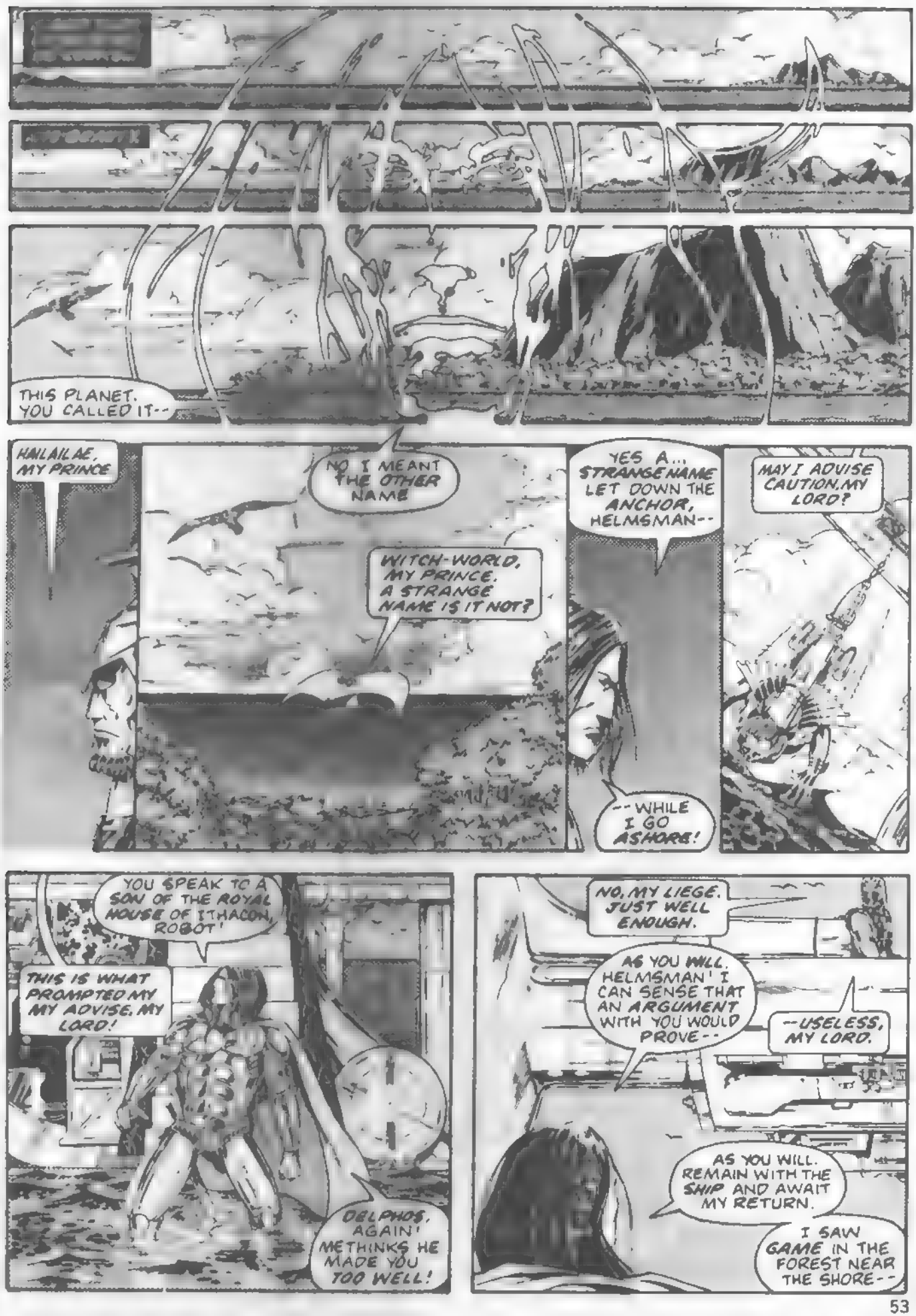

8.
7.
CORRECTION: PLANETARY PULL HAS INCREASED. REVISED ETPF: 9 SECONDS.
... GIVING DATA-ESTIMATE OF PLANET-FALL AT 15 91009 SECONDS.
OUR SHIELDS! ALKINOOS... THEY'RE ON FIRE!
THEY WILL HOLD. 6.
CREATURE! ARE YOU MAD?!
NO.
5.
4.
3.


2.
1.
LANDING EFFECTED. SHIELDS COOLING.
SSSPLASH!

AYE, YOU ARE A CREATURE OF DELPHOS!
FOR THIS WELL SUITED HIS SENSE OF PLAY!


THIS PLANET. YOU CALLED IT--
HAILAILAE, MY PRINCE
NO I MEANT THE OTHER NAME
WITCH-WORLD, MY PRINCE. A STRANGE NAME IS IT NOT?
YES A... STRANGE NAME LET DOWN THE ANCHOR, HELMSMAN--
--WHILE I GO ASHORE!
MAY I ADVISE CAUTION, MY LORD?
YOU SPEAK TO A SON OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF ITHACON, ROBOT!
THIS IS WHAT PROMPTED MY MY ADVISE, MY LORD!
DELPHOS, AGAIN! METHINKS HE MADE YOU TOO WELL!
NO, MY LIEGE. JUST WELL ENOUGH.
AS YOU WILL, HELMSMAN! I CAN SENSE THAT AN ARGUMENT WITH YOU WOULD PROVE--
--USELESS, MY LORD.
AS YOU WILL. REMAIN WITH THE SHIP AND AWAIT MY RETURN.
I SAW GAME IN THE FOREST NEAR THE SHORE--

"... AND DO NOT EXPECT TO BE LONG."
... DENSER THAN IT SEEMED FROM ABOARD SHIP!
MAYHAP I SHOULD HAVE HAD ALKINOOS SPOT FOR ME WITH THE SHIP'S SENSORS.
NO! I WAS RAISED AS A KING'S SON-- TAUGHT HUNTING IN MY FATHER'S ROYAL FORESTS!
I NEED NONE OF DELPHOS' WIZARDRY TO SEEK OUT PROVENDER! STILL--
-- I HAVE BEEN LONG WITHOUT FOOD!
WHAT??
I GROW CARELESS! HAD THAT BEEN A WILDEBOAR ITS TUSKS WOULD HAVE LONG SINCE SEPERATED MY LEGS FROM MY TRUNK!
BUT IT IS ONLY A RODENT-FORM -- NOT UNLIKE THOSE OF ITHACON!
YET-- THE SHAPE I SAW FROM THE SHIPS WERE LARGER-- PROMISING A RICH HUNT AND MUCH GOOD MEAT!
HOW THEN IS IT THAT I HAVE SEEN NO SIGN OF ANY LARGER BEASTS?
ESPECIALLY HERE--
--AT A WATERING PLACE!
ALKINOOS PASSED ON THE WATER AS FIT TO DRINK--
--AND I THIRST!
THE HUNT WILL WAIT, THEN!
I WOULDN'T...
..IF I WERE YOU!
WHO--?
GGAARRR!
I TOLD YOU YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED!

OH DEAR. I AM AFRAID THAT NOW YOU'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO FIGHT!
TSK!
THE TREE IS ALIVE! ITS BRANCHES NOT VINES--
--BUT TENDRILS!
PULLING ME IN!!
BUT THOUGH MY SWORD-ARM BE HELD--A PRINCE OF THE REALM MUST NEEDS BE AS SKILLED WITH EITHER HAND.
THE BLADES SONIC DISRUPTORS EASILY SEVER THE ARMS OF THE PLANT--
WREEE!
-- AND IT FEELS THE PAIN--
--FOR IT OPENS WIDE ITS MAW AND SCREAMS!
YET STILL IT HOLDS ME! IT WILL NOT YEILD!
REFUSING TO RECOGNIZE THAT IT IS WAYFINDER WHO IS THE HUNTER THIS DAY--
--AND ITSELF THAT IS THE PREY!
SCREAM, VEGETABLE--
--FOR VICTORY--OF A SORT--
--IS MINE!

VICTOR? YOU BATTER A POOR DEFENSELESS TREE MERELY ATTEMPTING TO DEFEND ITS WATERING RIGHTS--
--AND YOU CONCLUDE THAT THAT MAKES YOU A CONQUEROR?
THE VOICE AGAIN! THE SAME THAT TRIED TO WARN ME FROM DRINKING THE WATER!
YES-- AND I BLOODY WELL CAN'T DETERMINE WHY I BOTHERED!
THAT OLD TREE USED TO OBTAIN FISH FOR ME--
--AND, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING--
--YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE MUCH OF A REPLACEMENT OLD BEAN!
A... TALKING...
...ANIMAL...?
ALLOW ME TO CAUTION YOU AGAINST YOUR USE OF PERJORATIVES, OLD MAN!
ANIMAL I MAY BE--
--BUT IF YOU CLAIM TO BE AN EXAMPLE OF THE TOP OF THE EVOLUTIONARY LADDER--
--LIFE AS WE KNOW IT MAY BE UP FOR GRABS!
I...
...APOLOGIZE, FRIEND.
JOLLY GOOD, THEN PERHAPS I TOO WAS A BIT HASTY IN SLINGING THE PROVERBIAL MUD!
STILL--AMENDS MAY BE MADE! LET ME RETURN YOUR SWORD TO YOU--
--(I'LL LET YOU WIPE OFF THE SAP)--
--AND WE CAN PROCEED ON OUR WAY!
OLD BEAN!
ON OUR--?
OH HAVE I JUMPED TOO HASTILY TO A CONCLUSION?
I ASSUMED YOU WERE LOST AND HUNGRY--
--AND WOULD BE DELIGHTED WERE I TO LEAD YOU TO DINNER!
UH-- GRUB! KIPPERS!
COULD USE SOME MYSELF!
COMING?

...YES. I WILL GO WITH YOU!
IF YOU LEAD ME TO FOOD!
BUT OF COURSE, OLD MAN!
BY THE WAY-- I AM A RACOON. IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING.
MY FRIENDS CALL ME ROCKY!
I...
AND I AM PRINCE WAYFINDER OF ITHACON! LAST OF MY RACE--
--FLEEING FROM THE HAAMIN INVADERS WHO DESTROYED MY WORLD!
AND FLEEING, IT SEEMS--
--INTO A MADHOUSE!
SENSORS INDICATE APPROACH OF ALIEN LIFE-FORCE!
SHIELDS INOPERATIVE AFTER ENTRY OVERLOAD.
DEFENSE SYSTEMS OUT WHILE POWER IS BEING STORED.
"ALIEN WILL ENCOUNTER NO RESISTANCE IN BOARDING SHIP."
ALIEN ABOARD.
SPLOSH!
BIO-ANALYSIS INDICATES HYPER-ORGANIC ACTIVITY...
...INDICATING EXCITEMENT OR HOSTILITY.
SYSTEMS-DEFENSE OPERATIONAL.
HOLD, BEING...
...THIS IS THE STARSEED SHIP OF PRINCE WAYFINDER ...AND IT IS IN MY TRUST.
...OR I WILL BE FORCED TO ASK YOU TO...
STATE YOUR INTENTIONS...
LEAVE.

WAYFINDER EH? WELL WHOEVER NAMED YOU WAS NO PROPHET, OLD SOCK!
IN ALL RESPECT--I DOUBT YOU COULD FIND YOUR WAY OUT OF A FIELD OF DOON-BOGGLES WERE THEY TO DRAW YOU A MAP!
WHAT ARE DOONDOGGLES?
DOON OLD MAN! DOON-BOGGLES!
THEY ARE THOSE FLOWERS YOU ARE IN THE ACT OF PLUCKING--
--AND AS A CASE IN POINT --ILLUSTRATIVE OF YOUR IGNORANCE OF THE WAYS OF THE WORLD--
--WHY ANY PUP KNOWS THAT THE DOONBOGGLES ARE GUARDED BY--
--THE PLAGUEOSAUR!
RROOAR
BY MY SWORD!
WHY DIDN'T YOU WARN ME?!
I SAY, OLD MAN!
I'M NOT AN INFORMATION DISPENSARY?
ONE SHOULD LOOK BEFORE ONE PLUCKS, AS IT WERE!
BLAST YOU, RACCOON!
BLAST YOU!!

NOT ME, OLD MAN.
IT! YOU MUST BLAST IT!
LIKE SO!!
SKREE!
YOUR WEAPON HAS HURT THE BEAST, RACOON--
--BUT NOT STOPPED IT!
BUT IN ME IT WILL FIND MORE THAN IT RECKONED WITH--
NOW IT COMES FOR ME!!
--AS THE SONIC CHARGE IN MY BLADE BUILDS UP WITHIN ITS SCALED BODY--
--FINDING FOR ITSELF NO MEANS OF EGRESS--
--UNTIL ALL THAT REMAINS FOR IT TO DO--

--IS IMPLODE!!
TAKING YOUR PLAGUEOSAUR WITH IT!
VASHKOON
AND I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND IF I LAY ETIQUETTE ASIDE--
--AND "DIG IN" WITH YOU?
RACCOON
WE SEEM TO HAVE COMPANY!
I AM-- KIRKE!
IN YOUR OWN WORDS, RACOON--
--LIKE--
--SO!
JOLLY GOOD SHOW, OLD BEAN! PERHAPS THERE'S MORE TO YOU THAN I FIRST SURMISED!
WELL HERE'S DINNER!
DIG IN!
STAR-ANIMAL: THE BOOK OF EARTH.
A BOOK HAWKINDER HAD BEEN BROUGHT UP ON. A BOOK OF MYTHS. KIRKE/CIRCE SHE WAS IN THAT BOOK. A MYTH AND A
WITCH!

TAKE THE CARCASS OF THE PLAGUEOSAUR, SIR CAT!
AS YOU WISH IT, MISTRESS!
YOW!
STAND ASIDE!
MOVE WHEN MILADY'S KNIGHT ERRANT COMMANDS YE, OUTWORLDER!
BEWARE HIS BLADE, SIR RAM!
YOU WOULD DO WELL TO HEED YOUR COMPANION, GOAT-THING --
-- AND THE MEAT IS OURS!
SSKAT!
KIRKE WATCHES...
ACCURSED RACCOON! LONG HAVE WE SUSPECTED YOU OF POACHING IN THE MISSTRESS' FOREST--
--A CRIME PUNISHABLE BY DEATH!
YOU SLANDER ME, SIR CAT!
A MAN MUST LIVE --EVEN IF HE'S A RACCOON!
RACCOON! YOU TALK TOO MUCH!
...WITHOUT EYES.
AND IN SO DOING IGNORE THE BATTLE!
LOOK OUT! BEHIND YOU!
I SAY!
THE BOY SHOWS PLUCK!
AND WHEN SHE SPEAKS.
POWER FLOWS THROUGH THE VERY MOLECULES OF THE AIR FROM HER VOCAL CHORDS...
TO THE STRANGELY HUMMING GEM AT THE TOP OF HER SCEPTER...

...AND FROM THE GEM IT SCATTERS BACK OUT INTO THE AIR...
FILLING THE CLEARING WITH FORCE!
THE BATTLE IS DONE! THE MEAT FROM THE SLAIN BEAST IS MINE-- FOR SACRIFICIAL PURPOSES-- FOR THE FOREST IN WHICH IT WAS SLAIN IS MINE!
IN THIS I WILL BROOK NO DISOBEDIANCE!
MY... SENSES TELL ME THERE IS AN OUTWORLDER PRESENT! THAT--
--INTERESTS ME!
YOU WILL COME ALONG WITH MY KNIGHTS-- PEACEABLY--
--OR YOU WILL DIE! THE CHOICE IS YOURS!
QUITE A STICKY WICKET, EH, JUNIOR?
THIS IS THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF THE SWORD IN THE STAR--AND MAYBE THE LAST! ONLY YOUR LETTERS, AND MOSTLY, YOUR SUPPORT CAN BRING IT BACK FOR A THIRD TRY. IT'S UP TO YOU, PILGRIMS!

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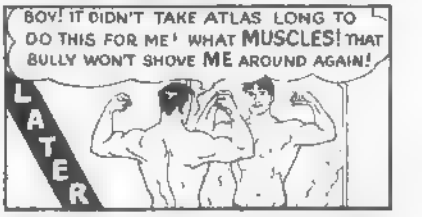

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The phrase goes "quality will out" and occasionally such a platitudinous pronouncement is burnished with new luster, owing to the creation or re-creation of an artistic masterwork that conveys the special something to its audience, utterly indefinable, yet ultimately enduring throughout time. With the Marvel adaptation of the Sherlock Holmes classic, THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, extreme care was taken to ensure as faithful a rendition as possible would be presented to the discerning, critical eyes of those Sherlockians who were bound to be intrigued, if not a trifle reticent over yet another treatment of the Master. We think we've succeeded. And if our mail response is any indication, so do you. As with numerous other projects attempted, such as our semi-completed adaptation of Bram Stoker's DRACULA, we were aware of the hallowed ground upon which we trod, and it was with no small amount of trepidation we did so. In the last analysis, the past two issues of MARVEL PREVIEW stand as an affectionate tribute to the real master: Arthur Conan Doyle, one of that small handful of men gifted enough to take our minds from a world we can't understand to one we've always known.

The gaslights are lit and the mist has arisen. So pull your armchair closer to the warming fire as we see what our fellow disciples of the Sacred Writings are thinking about this latest of additions to Holmesian lore. The game is indeed afoot . .

Dear Marvelworkers

I've just finished reading your two-part 11 page adaptation of THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES in Marvel Premiere #s 5 and 6 and let me say here and now that I am a rather recent admirer of Mr. Sherlock Holmes yet I've greeted this adaptation with far more enthusiasm than I have of any adapted work you've done yet including Conan, Doc Savage and the science fiction books.

There's something about Holmes that breeds interest. Being the world's first consulting detective he's the forerunner not only of modern day fictional private investigators but even of the Mr. Spock's. I've bought three books on Holmes, have seen as many films on television as I've been able to and eagerly await the new SEVEN PER CENT SOLUTION. But enough of that. I'm here to talk about your version.

I must agree that of all comic versions of Sherlock Holmes yours is by far the best. I like the painting, moody artwork (which would be less well represented in color) and the realistic dialogue but most of all the care and respect you've obviously put into this product. Of course THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES was an obvious choice being the most popular of the series. If it was done right. That's something that has been wrong with many versions of Holmes both in films and comics. So seldom is it done correctly. I'm pleased to say I can think of no major improvements that can be done. Therefore I can only implore you to consider making a regularly scheduled Sherlock Holmes comic. My back and white buying list includes DOC SAVAGE, THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU, MARVEL PREVIEW and THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN. I would like very much to add THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES to that list.

A few comments and then I'll let you continue

to other letters. [illegible]

rate [illegible]

rather [illegible]

adventures of [illegible]

Sherlock [illegible]

my favorite [illegible]

own [illegible]

that [illegible]

reading right [illegible]

presence Mr. Mayerik [illegible]

stories I must admit he [illegible]

gone by me.

It seems even [illegible]

you people had [illegible]

Follansbee [illegible]

Dear Marvel

After reading your two-[illegible]

THE HOUND OF THE BA[illegible]

VELS. PREVIEW am [illegible]

of the series that [illegible]

through the years [illegible]

to describe it as [illegible]

there to write a Sherlock [illegible]

keeping the character true to [illegible]

Sherlock Holmes is easily [illegible] most popular fictional character and Marvel with this adaptation has added to his [illegible] Val Mayerik's art was excellent [illegible] portrayal of Holmes, Watson and the [illegible] landscape of Dartmoor in a style which would have made Sir Arthur himself proud.

As for the future of this [illegible] I am [illegible] does say in favor of a new [illegible] featuring the master detective. As a matter of fact I demand one. Not only should it [illegible] stories but original stories in the great DOC SAVAGE magazine [illegible] even in stories like The Giant Rat of Sumatra which Watson mentioned but never took the time to chronicle. So for all of us dyed in [illegible] Baker Street Irregulars and Sherlock [illegible] thank you Doug Va[illegible] and [illegible] hope to see a brand new Sherlock [illegible] afoot.

Faithfully yours,
Michael Antonucci
1814 George Street
Ridgewood, N Y 11227

You'll get no arguments from us on that score, Mike. It will, of course, be awhile before final sales figures are in, and even then, given the numerous fluctuations in the black and white distribution area, no guaranteeing exactly what will happen. But if the readership has proven vocal enough, and equally as important, enthusiastic enough, every effort will be made to satisfy an obvious demand for more of the Baker Street duo. And if giving Messrs. Holmes and Watson their own title is the only way to satiate the appetites of a rabid readership, then you both can be sure it won't break our collective little hearts to do just that. Certainly it would give us a great deal of satisfaction to add a fragmentary tale here or there to the Canon, in the form of a rare pearl of those tantalizing glimpses into Holmes' cases which the occasionally evasive Dr. John Watson dangled in front of our deerstalker caps.

By the way, thanks a bunch for the kudos on our DOC SAVAGE mag. We're rather proud of the entire production of that little project, which due largely to the appearances of the aforementioned Mr. Mayerik, has truly captured the essence of pulp adventure at its very best. If you haven't picked up a copy of this publication we advise you do so. If you dig fast-paced action, exotic locales and dastardly villains all with just a touch of the tongue in the cheek, then why else would you be here? If you do pick up on our Man of Bronze and while you're at it, tell a friend, too. S'alright? S'alright!

[illegible] like to congratulate you on both [illegible] the [illegible] AND [illegible] with the magnificent [illegible] Sunday, a [illegible] Arthur Conan Doyle. Even though [illegible] liberties [illegible] presentation of [illegible] the overall effect was that of [illegible] genius.

[illegible] of Holmesian I was very pleased [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] very good [illegible] [illegible] the work [illegible] The story [illegible] can [illegible] [illegible] most of [illegible] the Baker Street [illegible] [illegible] the Persian slipper which held Holmes' [illegible] and [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] to the [illegible] The rooms [illegible] to [illegible] an [illegible] of [illegible] Also [illegible] says Sherlock Holmes was much [illegible] Aside from [illegible] found the presentation [illegible] most [illegible] and true to the story [illegible] every hour that a permanent Sherlock Holmes magazine is in the works.

Now on to the real point of my letter. I would like to speak in relation to a letter from Steven Schaefer (Preview Review, MARVEL PREVIEW #5). He says in his letter that the style of your adaptation in issue of Holmes was too wordy and he suggests that the speech and mannerisms of Holmes and Watson be somewhat streamlined and updated. Yet what are Holmes and Watson? [illegible] much [illegible] they lived in as they [illegible] [illegible] update anything in your presentations and much of the flavor of the original stories will be lost. Steve says that the style of

writing is too wordy, yet how does he explain the fact that the Sacred Writings are at a peak of popularity. If this style of writing is so much out of date, then why are sales of the Writings at an all time high? Clearly these accusations are unfounded. I have read the entire Holmes Canon several times, and yet, I enjoy the adventures more each time I read them. If you attempt to change any aspect of Holmes and Watson by modernizing them, I can almost guarantee that you will lose a great portion of your readers. I can only hope that you will keep them as they are. Keep up the good work.

Yours sincerely,
Nathan Schmidt
3701 Harvard Dr.
Bakersfield, Calif. 93306

Nathan, we thank you sincerely for your fine words of praise and hope you'll remain with us in future issues to see what we have in store. It's flattering to get missives from Holmes fanatics like yourself, because if we're able to please your ilk, we suspect the redoubtable Mr. Doyle himself might have found favor with our humble efforts.

Moving along to your major concern, the question of updating or not the manner in which the Holmes stories are presented, it's evident that both you and Steve Scheibner have hit upon one of the essential problems inherent in the transposition of a well known literary work from one medium to another. The question, basically, is how much do you change an already established character or concept to fit the requirements of a new medium, in terms of both artistic considerations and commercial viability, while retaining that original flavor which made adaptation so tempting to begin with? This magazine you hold in your hands is an experiment in the truest meaning of the word. Every issue a new idea is given form and substance with the hope that enough of the rack browsing public will find it interesting enough to purchase, and through both sales and correspondence let us know they want to see it continued. When the decision came to do Sherlock Holmes—faithfully, we at once realized that as readers and admirers of the Canon ourselves, there were few stories indeed which could successfully make the translation from literary to graphic format without considerable reworking. That was something which we never considered doing; and so the obvious choice was THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, because it, of all the Holmes tales had the necessary elements which could make the transition a smooth one, and wouldn't force us to compromise the character and his world with the artifical grafting of all manner of sensationalistic devices. In other words, Nathan, if Marvel finds that doing Sherlock Holmes exactly as Conan Doyle intended is not a saleable item at this time, then we won't do it at all, or at least we'll wait until the market may be a bit more favorable to our approach. But modernize our beloved Holmes and his Watson so they'll sell?!! No way. 'Nuff said.

Dear Baker Street Armadillos:

"THE ADVENTURE OF THE BAFFLED ARMADILLO"
by John H. Whatnot, M.D.

I never cease to be amazed by the analytical skills of my good friend Mr. Peter Sanderson. On innumerable occasions he has delivered judgments on comic books when all of Scotland Yard itself was powerless to find a solution. On seeing a copy of MARVEL PREVIEW #6, I quickly purchased it and hurried to Sanderson's rooms, knowing that it was the kind of case that would intrigue him.

"Ah, Whatnot," he said on seeing me. "I see you have brought me part two of Marvel's excellent adaptation of THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES to read. But surely, my dear armadillo, you must know I have no intention of perusing it."

"But, Sanderson, how then can you deliver one of your incisive criticisms?"

"You know my methods, Whatnot. A comic book, like a person, may be 'read' through the observation of external clues and the deductions derived therefrom. Let me hold this magazine in my hand." He took it, seemed to judge its weight, held it up to the light, examined the stapling, and returned it. "An elementary case, Whatnot, but not without several points of decided interest. First, it is a true pleasure to read a comics script with such high literary quality. No matter how often I read or see BASKERVILLES in one medium or another, Doyle's superb storytelling ability always seems fresh. Comic books are thought to be unworthy of serious people's attention, and yet Goodwin, Moench and their comrades have had the sense basically to stick as closely as possible to Sir Arthur's plot, characterizations and narrative style. I doubt whether the makers of film adaptations have ever displayed such good taste. Indeed, whereas the additions and changes the makers of the Rathbone HOUND film served only to make the story seem silly, Mr. Moench's alterations are few, truly dramatic, and wholly within the spirit of the original work."

"You amaze me, Sanderson."

"Of course. Mr. Mayerik also deserves great praise for his atmospheric renditions of HOUND'S world. I confess that I, like many others, feel that Mr. Rathbone, visually and histrionically, was the perfect Holmes, and therefore I am somewhat displeased with Mayerik's portrayal of him. The chin, at least, should be stronger and more pronounced. Watson resembles Nigel Bruce without being a lawsuit-provoking carbon copy, and Mr. Moench has avoided the temptation to make him a buffoon, and so I am grateful. I suspect, though, that Watson may look a bit too old here, but I am uncertain as to how old the doctor is supposed to be at this point in the Canon. The depiction of Moriarty as a death's-head is most incorrect. But I am pleased with Mayerik's desolate wasteland of a moor, his ferocious looking hound, the explosive panels depicting Holmes' battle with the beast, the depictions of the supporting characters, and much else. The cover is rather unfortunate, but that is none of his doing."

"How could you know all this without looking inside the magazine, Sanderson?"

"Pah! Elementary deductions at best! I did not read the last DOC SAVAGE either, and yet I know that it too was another success for its creators. I would, however, suggest to them that it may be best, considering the drop in the number of pages, to forget about the solo adventures for Doc's aides and to continue doing main features of this length. Doc Savage stories need a lot of room. I am fascinated by Mr. Moench's many references to the cinema in SAVAGE and MASTER OF KUNG FU: Marlon Brando, Marlene Dietrich, Groucho Marx, James Bond, Bruce Lee, Claude Chabrol, Jacques Tati, Charles Chaplin. Most interesting. But I digress. I wish to assure Mr. Goodwin that no harm was done through his necessary condensation of **Hound**, and that MARVEL PREVIEW #6 proved to be one of the most gripping comics I've read in months. If I may be fogiven the witticism, Whatnot, I would say that Goodwin and Associates showed us that Sir Arthur C. Doyle is indeed Conan the Conqueror. Hmm, I see that a story originally planned for UNKNOWN WORLDS runs next issue. Perhaps eventually the conclusion of the adaptation of the DRACULA novel will appear herein. In any event, Whatnot, I look forward to a regular Marvel-Holmes book, either as a black and white or a four-color."

I was staggered. Everything Sanderson had said was absolutely correct. I retreated to the door, stammering, "You astound me, Sanderson."

"I always do," he replied. "Good night, Whatnot." I exited.

How could he have known all that without reading the magazine, I wondered. I turned back to ask him to explain how he had deduced it all, only to find him leafing through a stack of ten MARVEL PREVIEWS of his own. All #6.

I am ashamed to write that I stuffed his deerstalker cap in his left ear.

Peter Sanderson
Room 921 Johnson Hall
Columbia University
New York, N.Y. 10027

Our personal Armadillo Anonymous replies: Doctor Whatnot, having just completed your fascinating little narrative, I was wondering if you prescribe anything for extreme intestinal nausea accompanied by intermittent periods of vomiting?

Now that you've all had the chance to gaze lasciviously at our delectable Devil's Daughter, not to mention the second chapter of the cosmos-spanning "Sword in the Star," drop us a note why dont'cha. Do you want to see more of either, both, or should we peddle our papers elsewhere? And if you don't write, we'll send our sweet little succubus over to give you a great big wet kiss. Get to it.

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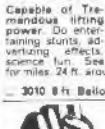

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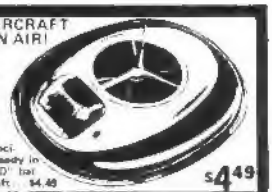

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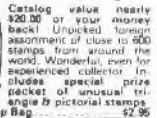

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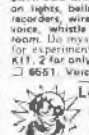

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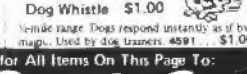

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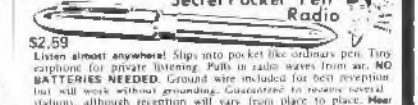

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